

GOVERNOR-GENERAL WOOD ON CUBA



COLLIER'S



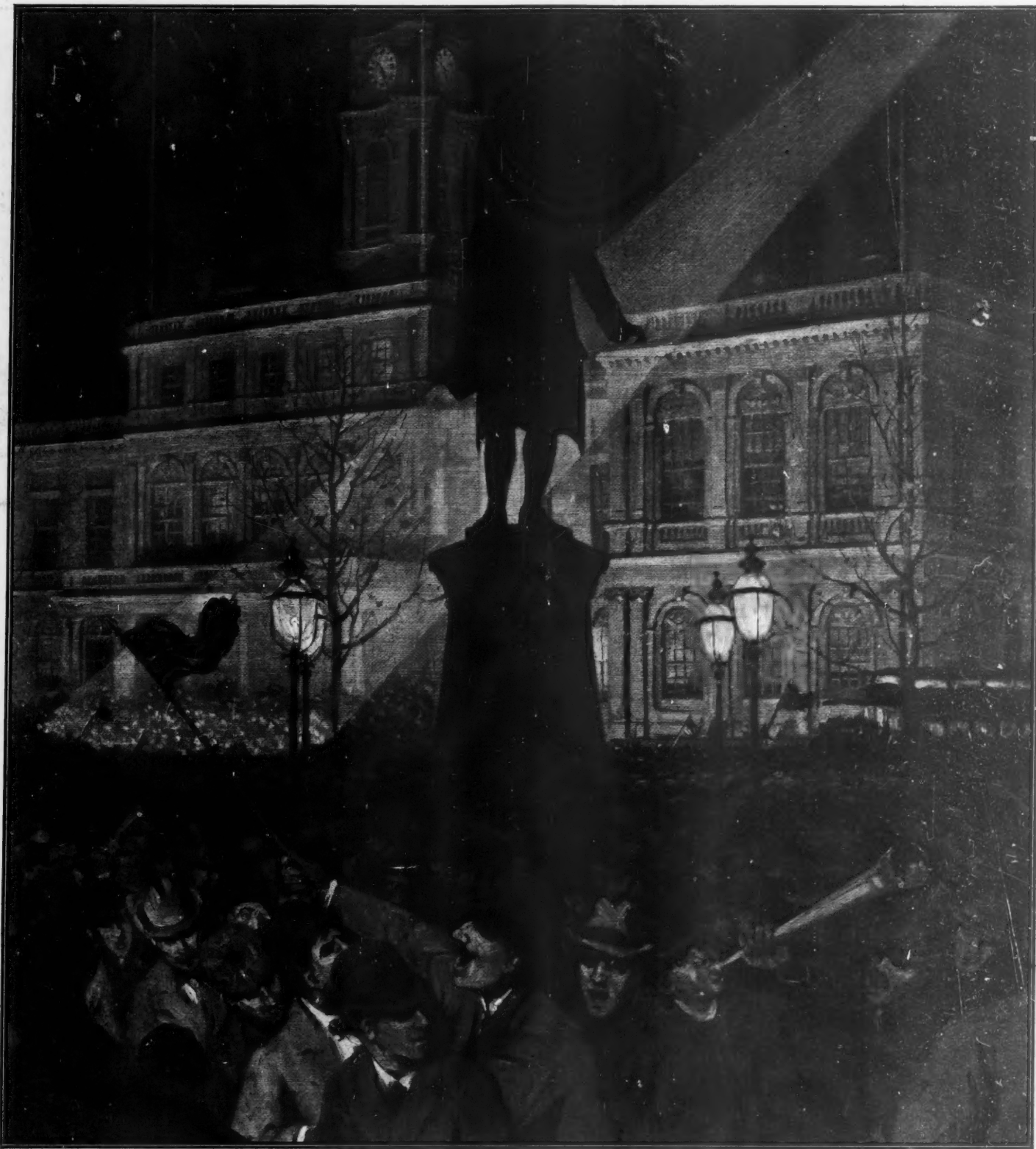
WEEKLY JOURNAL OF CURRENT EVENTS

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VOL TWENTY-SIX NO 5

NEW YORK NOVEMBER 3 1900

PRICE TEN CENTS



DRAWN BY WILLIAM HURD LAWRENCE FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND SKETCHES OF PREVIOUS ELECTION SCENES

RECEIVING THE RETURNS

HOW CITY HALL PARK, NEW YORK, LOOKS ON ELECTION NIGHT WHILE THE GREAT METROPOLITAN PAPERS ARE ADVISING THE PEOPLE OF THE RESULT OF THE PRESIDENTIAL VOTE



COLLIER'S WEEKLY

EDITORIAL PAGE

P. F. COLLIER & SON, PUBLISHERS

EDITORIAL and GENERAL OFFICES 521-547 West Thirteenth Street 518-524 West Fourteenth Street NEW YORK CITY



VOLUME TWENTY-SIX
NUMBER FIVE

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 3, 1900

TEN CENTS A COPY
\$5.20 PER YEAR

ON THE EVE OF THE CONTEST

AS WE GO TO PRESS it seems probable that the outcome of the Presidential election will turn on the results in Nebraska, Kansas, Kentucky, Maryland, Indiana and New York. Should Mr. Bryan retain the two former States, which he carried in 1896, and should he also gain the four States last mentioned, which he lost four years ago, he will be the next President of the United States. Some of his friends assert that he has what they term a "fighting chance" of success in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois and Ohio. We have heretofore given reasons for disregarding the prediction. We do think, however, that State pride will give him the electoral votes of Nebraska, and that he has at least as good a chance as has his opponent of winning Kansas, Kentucky, Indiana and Maryland. We also regard his prospects of gaining West Virginia and Delaware as anything but desperate. We come, lastly, to the Empire Commonwealth. One would say *a priori* that it is impossible to overcome the majority (268,000) which Mr. McKinley obtained in 1896, yet the fact remains that two years later, Colonel Roosevelt, a still more popular candidate, was only able to carry the State by a majority of less than 18,000, and there is no doubt that 6,000 votes were turned from one side to the other in the last stage of the campaign by Mr. Croker's refusal to renominate Judge Daly. Under the circumstances it is evident that the result in New York State will depend on the new voters, of whom there will be scores of thousands. So far as these new votes, disclosed by the increased registration, shall come from naturalized immigrants, it is reasonable to assume that almost the whole of them will go to the Democratic candidate. But what about the registration outside the City of New York, which also is much larger than it was in 1896? So far as this increase is due to the influx of men who have attained their majority during the last four years, this undoubtedly should be divided proportionably between the two great parties. Manifestly, the increase must be attributed in a considerable degree to Democrats who refused to register in 1896, because, while indisposed to swallow Mr. Bryan and Free Silver, they were equally disinclined to vote for the Republican candidate. We are probably justified, therefore, in assuming that a large part of the increased registration in the State of New York outside the city of that name is due to stay-at-home Democrats, who come forward now because they believe the Free Silver issue to be temporarily dormant, and because they heartily approve of the campaign directed by Mr. Bryan against imperialism and the trusts. One of the most careful, conservative and best-informed Democrats in the State, who has made a personal canvass of the counties lying north of Westchester, has expressed the opinion that the Democrats of all that region will gain thirty per cent on the vote which they cast four years ago. Should that forecast be justified by the event, the result of the election in the State of New York will obviously depend on the magnitude of the majority that Mr. Bryan can secure in the so-called Greater City. If he can emerge from Kings County with a majority instead of a minority, it is by no means impossible that Mr. Croker's prediction will be fulfilled, and that Mr. Bryan will secure within the boundaries of the Greater City a majority of upward of 100,000. Should he do so, he will come near gaining the electoral votes of the Empire Commonwealth. Hitherto we have assumed that he would lose California, Oregon and Washington, because those States from their geographical position are naturally impelled to favor a policy of expansion in the Far East. According to the latest advices, however, Mr. McKinley is by no means sure of obtaining their electoral votes. Should he lose them it would be barely possible for Mr. Bryan to win, even without New York's support, could he carry Indiana, Kentucky, West Virginia and Maryland. One thing is certain, that Mr. Bryan occupies a very different position in the Eastern States at large, and in New York in particular, from that which he held in 1896. When he visited New York City in that year, he said truly that he was entering the enemy's country, but no one who witnessed the ovation which he received on October 16 will deny that the situation is materially changed. In New York no less than in Nebraska Mr. Bryan is recognized as the leader of his party, and for that reason, among others, it is absurd to talk of ousting him from the leadership in the event of his defeat this year. He can no more be ousted from the headship of the Democratic party than could Henry Clay from that of the Whig party from 1824 until the day of his death. Henry Clay was nominated for the Presidency in 1824, in 1832 and in 1844, and he was the most conspicuous candidate for the nomination in 1848. It is true that in the last mentioned year, as in 1840, he was put aside by the Whig National Convention in favor of a candidate supposed to be more available, and in each case the party had grave reason to regret the step. Had Henry Clay been nominated in 1840 instead of William Henry Harrison, there is ground

for the belief that the Whig party would have held control of the Federal government for a long term of years. The same thing may be said of the intrigue organized by Thurlow Weed in 1848, the outcome of which was the substitution of Zachary Taylor for Henry Clay. The substitution was fatal to the fortunes of the Whig party, which presently disappeared. Yet, even under Taylor's administration, Henry Clay was the real leader of the Whig party, and it was he who, in the closing hours of his life, forced through Congress the compromise measures of 1850. The Democratic party also has had the most serious reasons to regret a change of leaders on the score of availability. In 1832 Martin Van Buren was nominated and elected Vice-President on the Democratic ticket. Four years later he was chosen President. In 1840 he was renominated, but was unsuccessful because, in that year, to use the idiomatic saying, a "yellow dog" could have been elected on the Whig ticket. In 1844 Van Buren had a large majority of the delegates to the Democratic National Convention, and beyond a doubt, had he been nominated, he would have been elected. He was deprived of the nomination through the application of the "two-thirds rule." But in 1848 he was again a conspicuous candidate of the Northern Democrats. The offensive treatment of his delegates in the Democratic National Convention caused the Barnburner revolt in the State of New York, and gave the Presidency to the Whig candidate. Had he been nominated in that year, there is no doubt that Van Buren, who had been the true leader of the Democracy since 1836, would have carried the State of New York and re-entered the White House. In view of these precedents, which commend themselves to both political parties, to old line Democrats as well as to Silver Republicans, we think it may be taken for granted that Mr. Bryan is sure to retain the leadership of his party, even should he be destined to encounter a second defeat. For many and many a year to come the Democratic National Convention in which the name of William Jennings Bryan shall not be earnestly presented will recollect those lines of Byron in which the poet says that

"Caesar's pageant, shorn of Brutus's bust,
Did but of Rome's great son remind her more."

WHAT GUARANTEES CAN BE OBTAINED FROM CHINA?

DURING the last week but little has been done toward a solution of the Chinese problem. It seems increasingly probable, however, that the great powers interested will agree with regard to certain preliminary questions, such as the condign punishment of the persons chiefly responsible for the attack on the Legations and for other outrages, and such as the payment of a pecuniary indemnity, partly by way of damages and partly by way of compensation for the expenditure incurred. The crucial question, however, is, What guarantee shall be taken against a future outbreak of savagery on the part of the government or people of China? It is when this inquiry is pressed home to them that the powers are almost certain to take different sides. With regard to the abstract principle there is, indeed, no disagreement. Nobody denies that the Chinese, in spite of their ostensible civilization, have proved themselves as barbaric at heart as is any tribe of South Sea islanders. They have shown that they are both unwilling and unfit to enter the comity of civilized nations. What remains, then, for the treaty powers to do but to force them to give that assurance of safety to foreigners in their country which is afforded to the Chinese in all other parts of the civilized world? So far all is plain sailing, but discord will show itself when we come to consider the application of the principle—that is to say, the method by which it is to be carried out. Shall the treaty powers uphold a central government at Peking and undertake to exercise a joint control thereof, speaking with one voice to one person by whom their wishes will be transmitted throughout the Celestial Empire? That is the method which meets with most favor at this time; yet nobody familiar with the history of China's international relations will dispute that the maintenance of unity of council and action for any considerable period on the part of the treaty powers would be improbable, not to say impossible. The interests of Great Britain and Germany will prove conflicting in the Yangtze region and in Shan-Tung; the interests of France and England in Yunnan cannot be brought into accord; the interests of Russia and Japan may fairly be described as irreconcilable. Admit, however, for the sake of argument, that the unanimity which appears to prevail for the moment among the powers could be indefinitely prolonged, we should still have to face the question whether it is wiser to deal with the central authority or with local authorities. Is it wiser to strengthen the Manchu dynasty's control over the Viceroy or to deal directly with the latter and minimize the extent of their dependence on Peking? The latter alternative is advocated by

Captain F. E. Younghusband, who must be recognized as one of the highest European authorities concerning the Middle Kingdom. He points out that only those who know China well from long residence therein understand how loosely the empire is held together; how lightly the provinces are bound to the capital, and how very little power the central authority really has. He asserts that, however willing the Emperor Kwang-Su and his advisers might be to carry out the reforms and concessions agreed upon by treaty, they would in practice be unable to enforce their wishes upon the governors of provinces. Attention is directed to the fact that a viceroy of Nankin or of Canton occupies a position entirely different from that which is held by a viceroy of Ireland or of India. He has his own army, his own navy, his own mint, and within the boundaries of his province he is supreme. If he do not see fit to obey an order from Peking, he can resort to evasion and procrastination. A striking example of this truth was furnished during the contest between China and Japan, when Chang-chi-tung, Viceroy of Hupoh and Yunnan, was asked to send his warships to join the Pechili fleet before Port Arthur. He replied that his ships were safer where they were on the Yangtze River, and that he was not going to join in Li Hung Chang's war.

Such being the decentralized condition of China, Captain Younghusband contends that it is not for the interests of foreign powers to try to stay the course of nature, to exert themselves to hold together that which by nature is falling to pieces and to assist in consolidating a people who will only combine against the hated foreigner. It would be, he thinks, a wiser policy to take things as they are, and make the best of them, by dealing directly with the provincial governors. That is what the East India Company had to do in the last century in India; it had to deal with the great provincial viceroys instead of with the weak central authority of the Mogul Emperor. The obvious objection to such a plan is that it would ultimately involve the dismemberment of China, and lead to friction and collision between the treaty powers. Captain Younghusband seeks to parry this objection by maintaining that his plan would only mean dismemberment of the Middle Kingdom in the case of sections where both the central and local authorities should prove themselves entirely unable to afford security. In those sections where adequate security to life and property should be given, no dismemberment would take place. There is still another objection to Captain Younghusband's scheme, namely, that the analogy between India and China is fundamentally defective. The hereditary principle had been immemorably recognized in India, and when the East India Company in the last century came into close contact with the provincial governors holding office under the Great Mogul, those governorships had become hereditary. The Chinese viceroys, on the other hand, are not hereditary princes, and any attempt on their part to become so would be opposed to the deepest sentiment of the whole body of the Chinese people, who for many centuries have regarded a deified personage at the centre of the empire as essential to their ideal of just government and to the upholding of the system of competitive examination which they prize, and which they regard as the only just criterion of fitness for office. Then again Captain Younghusband does not say who should select the viceroys with whom the powers would deal directly, each within its own sphere of influence. If the Chinese Emperor is to go on appointing the provincial governors, it is obvious that the present state of things would continue; the viceroys would be no more and no less independent of the central power than they are now. If, on the other hand, the provincial governors were to be chosen by the European powers, the process of dismemberment would be *ipso facto* complete, for each power would be obliged in its own sphere to support its appointee with an army and to provide him with an efficient civil service. A governor thus appointed and thus upheld would occupy a position precisely analogous to that which is held by the present Khedive of Egypt. Such a system might work well enough for Russia in Manchuria and for Germany in Shan-Tung, because each of those powers has at its disposal an unlimited number of soldiers. But where would England get the troops with which to preserve peace and order among the one hundred and twenty million human beings who inhabit the Yangtze Valley? Captain Younghusband suggests that England might draw native regiments from India for the purpose, but it is extremely doubtful whether it would be safe for England thus to acknowledge her dependence upon mercenaries. It is, in truth, a most intricate and thorny problem which is presented to foreign powers in China, and we do not deny that partition may be ultimately found the only practicable solution. We think, however, that resort to it should be postponed as long as possible, and that an earnest effort should be made so to strengthen the Chinese Emperor's control over his lieutenants in distant provinces as to ensure compliance with treaty obligations.



WHICHEVER WAY IT GOES

By MAYO W. HAZELTINE

THE VIEW OF THE ONLOOKER

IT IS SAID that an onlooker is the best judge of a game. However that may be, it is possible that, at this time, on the eve of a Presidential election, when the air is full of partisan recrimination and assertion, there may be room for a calm and sober view of the situation, such as is taken by men who play no active part in politics, but who collectively contribute what is known as the "silent vote." There are, no doubt, thousands of voters in each of the larger States who are unable to approve of either of the political platforms in its entirety, and who recognize that, under the working of party machinery, the utmost to be hoped for is a choice between imperfections. In 1776 at least a third of Great Britain's subjects on this side of the Atlantic tacitly or openly withheld assent from the Declaration of Independence, while another third approved of it only because they believed that, on the whole, the separation of the colonies from the mother country would prove better for their welfare than acquiescence in the claims asserted by the Parliament at Westminster, even though an immediate enforcement of those claims was improbable. At the present juncture there is a considerable fraction of the electorate, made up so-called Gold Democrats and anti-Imperialist Republicans, who, when they look at particular planks in each of the principal platforms presented, may well exclaim: "A plague on both your houses!" If one knew which way this fraction of the electorate will vote, it would be easy to foretell the outcome of the impending contest. No such prediction can now be made, however, for the reason that the Gold Democrats and anti-Imperialist Republicans are themselves divided. Mr. Bourke Cockran is supporting Bryan; ex-Mayor Hewitt is supporting McKinley; Senator Hoar has refused to desert the Administration; Senator Wellington is striving to elect the candidate of the Democratic party. It seems probable that Mr. McKinley will be chosen Chief Magistrate a second time, yet we ought not to overlook the fact that there have been startling surprises at Presidential elections. The Democrats were astounded at the size of Harrison's majority in 1840. The Whigs were stupefied four years later to see that majority extinguished. In 1848 it seemed incredible to most Democrats that Lewis Cass could be beaten by Zachary Taylor, to whom an intrigue of Thurlow Weed's had given the Whig nomination which belonged to Henry Clay, or Daniel Webster, or Winfield Scott. Then, again, if Taylor could be successful at the ballot-box in 1848, how could it be possible that in 1852 a far greater soldier, Winfield Scott, should be ignominiously defeated? There, too, is Mr. Cleveland, who has furnished his countrymen with three surprises. It is certain that he never would have received his first nomination for the Presidency, if the Democratic National Convention had imagined it to be possible that the colossal plurality of nearly two hundred thousand which he received in 1882 could be whittled down in 1884 to less than twelve hundred. In 1888 Mr. Cleveland, although he was credited with commanding the Mugwump, or independent, vote, as well as that of his own party, failed to win the State of New York, which, nevertheless, was carried that year by the Democratic candidate for Governor. If, owing to the lukewarmness of the Republicans, Mr. Cleveland's triumph in 1892 was not entirely unexpected, the magnitude of it must have astonished his most sanguine friends. Not only did he carry such States as Kentucky, Maryland, Delaware, Connecticut, New Jersey, New York and Indiana, which Mr. Bryan failed to gain four years ago, but he actually won the twelve electoral votes of Wisconsin, five of the nine votes of Michigan, eight of the nine votes of California, the twenty-four votes of Illinois, and even one electoral vote in Ohio. Nor was this all. The tidal wave which swept him back to the White House gave the Democracy a majority of six in the Federal Senate and of nearly a hundred in the House of Representatives. That was one of the most amazing political victories ever gained in the United States, the more amazing because, at the time, the country was fairly prosperous, and the number of those who foresaw the crisis of 1893 was very small. The results of the Presidential elections in 1892, in 1896 and in 1898 prove that prosperity is no guarantee of success to the party in power.

FREE COINAGE AND TRUSTS

If every Gold Democrat and anti-Imperialist Republican were convinced that Mr. Bryan's election would be followed by the passage of a bill providing for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, we do not suppose that the Democratic candidate would carry a single Northern State, except Colorado, Montana, Utah, Nevada and, possibly, Idaho. That is precisely the point, however, about which Gold Democrats and anti-Imperialist Republicans are by no means agreed. Many conspicuous representatives of these two factions assert that free silver legislation will be impracticable before March 4, 1905, for the reason that the majority for the gold standard in the Federal Senate cannot be extinguished before that date, and that, even if it could, a free silver bill could not be pushed through the House of Representatives because a considerable number of the Democratic members would themselves oppose it. Neither do such men as Mr. Olney seem disturbed by Mr. Gage's prediction that Mr. Bryan, if elected, might in his executive capacity, and acting through his Secretary of the Treasury, excite a panic in Wall Street by insisting upon paying the interest and principal of certain national obligations in silver, and thus impairing the national credit. The notion that Mr. Bryan's election would by itself, and aside from his power to shape monetary legislation, plunge the country into a financial crisis seems to the onlooker as

unreasonable as the other notion that Mr. McKinley's reelection would start us down the perilous slope by which a republic sinks into an empire. It is quite possible that Mr. Bryan's election might be followed by a temporary flurry in the stock market, for a stock exchange is an intensely sensitive organism, which responds to the faintest tap on the keyboard of emotion. The flurry in stocks, however, will not be followed by any widespread industrial depression, so long as no dislocation of values by legislative tampering with the circulating medium is in sight, and so long as the limit of overproduction is unbreached. Republican voters will soon discover what Federalist merchants found out in 1801, namely, that the welfare of their country is not inseparably bound up with the continued triumph of one political party. The manufacturers who have announced that they will suspend or curtail production in the event of Mr. Bryan's success are no doubt sincere, but they are likely to reconsider their purpose on the morrow of election day. When they perceive that the skies have not fallen, they will undoubtedly continue to manufacture just so long as there is a customer in view. It is not Mr. Bryan's election, hampered as he is sure to be by an imperfect control of Congress, that will cause or even hasten an industrial crisis. No matter who is chosen Chief Magistrate, a crisis is almost sure to come at the end of the decennial period which began in 1893. The oscillation of economic forces is as irresistible and almost as calculable as the flow and ebb of the tide, and Mr. McKinley, though he should have a majority of both Houses of Congress behind him, will be powerless to avert the collapse that is sure to follow overproduction. It is, indeed, barely possible that the so-called trusts that are just now the object of vituperation—which is just, so far as they are watered, but not otherwise—may to some extent delay and palliate the unavoidable catastrophe, because they have the power to limit production the moment they perceive that the market for their commodities is overstocked. In the ideal Socialist commonwealth—we call it ideal because we doubt its practicability—production might be nicely adjusted to consumption, and in that event we might never witness what is termed an industrial crisis, a catastrophe which is accountable for a vast amount of human misery. That which a Socialist commonwealth might do, trusts could do also in proportion to the perfection of their control in any given field of industry. Whether they would do so depends, as it would depend in a Socialist State, on the foresight and wisdom of the directors. No! Should Mr. Bryan be elected, an event which to a non-partisan observer seems improbable, we should go on, so far as economical conditions are concerned, almost exactly as we should under Mr. McKinley's auspices. Our present prosperity will last just so long as our production of salable commodities and the wages incident thereto increase or remain at the present figures. The moment we find our market overstocked and temporarily disqualified from absorbing further quantities, production will stop, workshops will close, and workmen by the hundreds of thousands will be thrown out of employment. According to precedents which have occurred with sinister regularity for more than half a century, such an industrial cataclysm is likely, as we have intimated, to take place about 1903. It may come a little earlier or a little later, but it is tolerably certain that the country will not have recovered from it at the date of the next Presidential election.

THE OPPORTUNITY OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

Then will come the opportunity of the Democratic party, provided it adheres to Mr. Bryan. Nothing is more amusing to those who try to judge of the future by the past—and we know of no other criterion—than to hear certain Democrats talk about throwing Mr. Bryan over, if he fails to win in the present contest. Long after the men who indulge in these whisperings are dead, Mr. Bryan is likely to remain the leader of the Democratic party. He gave it in 1896 nearly a million more votes than it had ever before possessed. He will probably add to those votes this year, although in some of the Southern States it has become unnecessary to call out all of the white electors. Whether one is or is not willing to accept Mr. Bryan's views on the subject of the coinage of silver at a particular ratio, and whether one does or does not sympathize with his declared desire to renounce the Philippines, one cannot but recognize that his personality has become a potent factor in American politics. We doubt if any of our Presidents or any other American public man—we do not except Henry Clay—has been known by sight and ear to so many of his countrymen as is Mr. Bryan to-day. Moreover, common candor should constrain every one to acknowledge that, where Mr. Bryan is known at all, he is known favorably. Among those who see him and hear him he makes no enemies; he makes friends; and even those who detest the silver nostrum and abominate the idea of abandoning the Philippines cannot but acknowledge, if they will tell the truth to their own hearts, that Mr. Bryan is honest in his convictions and in his expression of them. Then it must not be overlooked that Mr. Bryan is that exceedingly rare thing, an orator. He possesses voice, gesture, the histrionic instinct and magnetism as well as intellect, and so long as he retains his present strong hold upon a vast section of the population, the Democracy must win with Mr. Bryan or not at all. He may be persuaded to let the party platform be modified; indeed, it will be his duty to allow the platform to be shaped by the chosen representatives of his party. The dream, however, of eliminating Mr. Bryan's personality from the canvass of 1904 might as well be dispelled at once. He is almost as essential to the Democratic party as that party is to him.

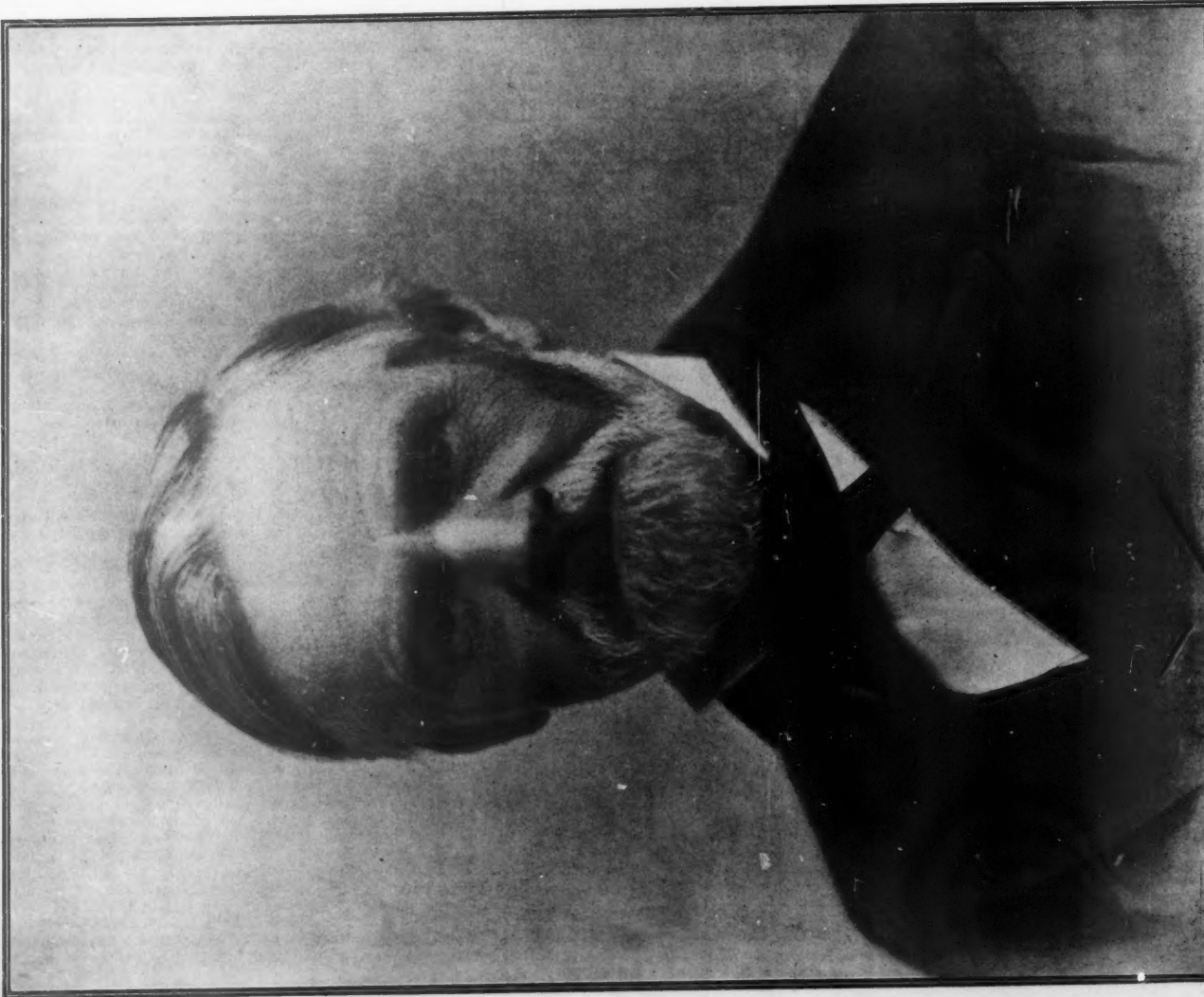
IMPERIALISM

We pass to another assertion which is current in partisan newspapers, but which to an unprejudiced onlooker seems as entirely baseless as the prediction that Bryan's election would be immediately followed by an industrial crisis. We refer to the alarmist cry that Mr. McKinley's election will be followed by the inauguration of a system under which the United States will follow the example of the Roman Republic and hold in subjection vast populations which will occupy in respect of the franchise a position materially different from that held by full-fledged citizens. We can see no basis for this assumption, except in the Porto Rican act, and it is very questionable whether that act is constitutional. Has not that act violated the provision of the Constitution which declares that all taxes levied by Congress shall be uniform throughout the United States? Does or does not the term United States, as used in that provision, comprehend all the territory covered by the American flag from the moment that Congress begins to legislate therefor? We are, of course, willing to concede that we may acquire territory by war or by purchase, and that, until Congress legislates for such territory, it may and must be governed by Executive fiat alone. From the moment, however, that Congress takes the new territory in hand, we are clearly of the opinion that it is bound by the constitutional restriction above mentioned. It is a question, however, concerning which the opinions of individual citizens are of little importance. Whether Congress is or is not bound by the constitutional restriction mentioned, in legislating for newly acquired possessions, is obviously a question to be answered by the United States Supreme Court, and there is no doubt that an answer will soon be given by that tribunal. Meanwhile Mr. Bryan must have discovered that there are not only Gold Democrats, but "Expansion Democrats"—indeed, the latter outnumber the former at least two to one—and were he President he would quickly discover that it is impossible for him to carry out what is supposed to be his policy with relation to the Philippines. Those islands are by treaty as much a part of the territory of the United States as is the Louisiana purchase, and a President, without the sanction of Congress, has no power to part with a square inch of American territory. Mr. Bryan is well aware that, if he tried to do it, he would render himself liable to impeachment, and he can have no intention of trying, unless Congress will sustain him. As Congress certainly will not sustain him, so long as the Republicans have a majority of the Federal Senate, we consider that Imperialism so-called is not really an issue in the present campaign any more than Free Silver is. To us, indeed, all the talk upon the subject seems mere wind. To us personally, as we have said, the Porto Rican act seems unconstitutional, but we need not repeat that every individual citizen is bound to accept the decision of the United States Supreme Court upon that point. With the exception of passing the Porto Rican tariff act, the present Administration has done nothing with relation to the possessions acquired from Spain, which it could lawfully avoid doing; nothing that Mr. Bryan himself can refrain from doing, if he desires to avoid impeachment. As for the imputation of imperialist designs to William McKinley, that, of course, is one of the humors of the canvass. Nobody that knows the man can hear the charge without a smile. But, say the alarmists, might not powers which would be innocuous in the grasp of an upright, well meaning, plain man of the people become dangerous at a later date in other hands? Those who say this are thinking of Rome. But there is no real analogy between the Roman city-state, which was vastly outnumbered by the conquered communities, and our Federal Republic, made up of forty-five semi-independent States, and comprising collectively a population greatly outnumbering any which we are likely ever to subjugate.

NO IMMEDIATE ALARM—THE REPUBLIC IS SAFE

What we have here aimed to show is that there is a good deal of insincerity on both sides in the present canvass. Bryan's election will cause no industrial cataclysm, though it may excite a transient emotional depression in the stock market. An industrial crisis will occur at its appointed time, but neither can Bryan much hasten it, so long as the present composition of the Federal Senate endures, nor can McKinley much retard it. No less absurd is the attempt to scare the country with the spectre of impending empire. There is absolutely nothing of Bonaparte in William McKinley, unless it be in the cast of his features. Physiognomy may be a little more trustworthy than phrenology, but it takes more than a nose to make a Napoleon.

One of the reasons why onlookers see most of the game is that they do not get excited. The men who have taken an active part in the present contest would not have been able to do good work had they not wrought themselves to the belief that their own side was wholly in the right and the opposite side wholly in the wrong. In order to be effective campaigners, they need a touch of the crusader's temper. It is a part of their business to feel when they go to bed on the Monday night preceding the election that the fate of the Republic is trembling in the balance. But they will discover, when they wake up on Wednesday morning, that whichever way the election goes, the Republic is all right. Mr. Bryan could not precipitate an industrial crisis if he would, and Mr. McKinley cannot avert one, no matter how hard he tries. We shall keep the gold standard, and we shall continue to occupy the Philippines, no matter who is the tenant of the White House.



PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL, WASHINGTON

THE LATE JOHN SHERMAN, FORMERLY UNITED STATES SENATOR

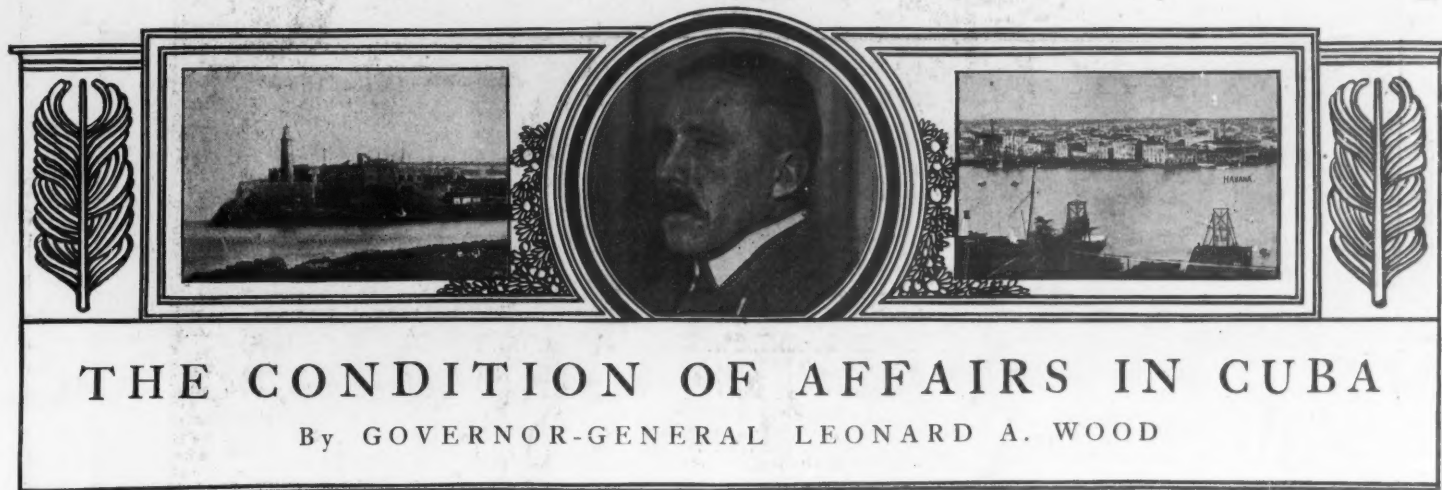
BORN AT LANCASTER, OHIO, MAY 10, 1823; DIED AT WASHINGTON, D. C., OCTOBER 22, 1900. HE WAS DISTINGUISHED AS AN ORATOR DURING THE CIVIL WAR, AND AFTERWARD AS A FINANCIER. HIS POLITICAL SERVICES OF HALF A CENTURY WERE CROWNED BY THE SECRETARYSHIP OF STATE, HELD FROM 1897 TO 1898



PHOTOGRAPHED EXPRESSLY FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY BY LYON TORONTO

THE RIGHT HONORABLE SIR WILFRID LAURIER

PRIME MINISTER OF CANADA AND LIBERAL MEMBER IN THE DOMINION HOUSE OF COMMONS FOR QUEBEC CITY, EAST. HE DISPLACED THE CONSERVATIVE PREMIER, SIR CHARLES TUPPER, IN JULY, 1896, AND HIS CONTINUANCE IN OFFICE IS ANTICIPATED AS THE RESULT OF THE GENERAL ELECTIONS OCCURRING THIS MONTH



EDITOR'S NOTE.—In view of the great significance of the Cuban Constitutional Convention, which assembles November 5th in Havana, and desiring to present to the American people a clear and concise explanation of the exact condition of affairs in Cuba, the Editor of COLLIER'S WEEKLY invited Governor-General Wood to prepare the article which we take pleasure in here presenting to our readers. It is a plain, straightforward statement emanating from the highest authority and written with the brevity of a soldier and a man of action, who is ever extremely reluctant to speak of his own admirable achievements.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION

CUBA HAS BEEN through two general elections. The first, held on June 15 of the present year, for the election of municipal officers and municipal judges. On September 15 a general election was held to elect members to the Constitutional Convention. At this election thirty-one delegates were elected, together with their substitutes. This election, while developing much stronger political passions than the former, nevertheless passed off without disturbance or disorder. Out of the entire number of delegates elected only six or seven contested elections resulted. These will be settled by the members of the Convention themselves, it being the purpose of the military government to avoid any interference whatever either in the election of candidates or for the settlement of disputed elections.

At each of the elections the voting places were under the control of representatives of the different parties, and no American officer, soldier or civil official was present at any voting place in the island. The people as a whole are looking forward with deep interest to the work to be done by the Constitutional Convention, and while anxious to have the work proceed as rapidly as possible, are nevertheless patient. They realize that it is a work of vast importance, that it must be done carefully, and that ample time must be taken to properly consider the various important features to be embodied in the new Constitution.

The principal political parties in the island at present are the National, the Republican and the Union Democratic. The general object of all these parties is the same, all desiring the establishment of a constitutional government. One of the great questions to be fought out in the Convention is as to whether Cuba shall be formed into one or more States. This is a question of great importance to Cubans, and there are strong opinions for and against it.

The personnel of the Constitutional Convention, as elected, represents fairly all the different political parties and subdivisions thereof. The same is true of the substitutes elected. There is every indication that the Convention will take up its task with a great deal of enthusiasm. There will, of course, be a considerable amount of work necessary in determining the contested election cases. After these have been disposed of, the regular duties of the Convention will be taken up. Many of the members are at present investigating and studying the constitutions of various countries. The general opinion is that the constitution adopted will be in its general features similar to the Constitution of the United States. The personnel of the Convention includes a number of very able members of the judiciary as well as members of other learned professions. The civil governors of four of the six provinces have been elected, two members of the Supreme Court and others, distinguished either in the law or in services rendered the island. There is no reason to believe that this Convention will be other than successful. Prior to the municipal elections, it was freely predicted that general disturbances would follow an attempt to hold general elections. They passed off without a single breach of the peace. The same dubious expressions were heard immediately preceding the election for delegates to the Constitutional Convention, but this election also passed off without the slightest disorder.

EDUCATIONAL MATTERS

The greatest advance in Cuba has perhaps been in public instruction. The old system consisted of a university, located in Havana, under the direct control of the state, and supported largely by state funds. There was also an institute or school for higher instruction in each province, also under the control of the state. These, with the public schools, which under Spanish rule were limited in number and very inefficiently conducted, constituted the machinery of public instruction.

The university has been thoroughly reorganized. Many of the old professors have been retired and placed on a moderate pension. The institutes have also been reorganized, and in many instances re-equipped with material and apparatus. The changes in these institutions, however, are insignificant in comparison with the work done in the public schools. Here an entire reorganization has been made. Over 3,100 schools have been established, 3,600 teachers employed, and 150,000 children are in school. The number of pupils will

be increased to 200,000, and probably 250,000, during the next six months. The expenditures for public education for the present school year will be not less than \$4,000,000. During the past six months school material, books, desks, etc., for 100,000 children have been purchased, brought to Cuba and put in schools. This order called for an expenditure of three-quarters of a million dollars, and is probably larger than any single order for school material ever given in the United States. Thirteen hundred and odd teachers were sent to the Summer School at Harvard University, taken to a number of cities and brought back to Cuba without the loss of a single individual and without any serious accident. This expedition was under the practical charge of Mr. Frye, and was ably conducted. The beneficial results of this trip are already apparent, as shown by a recent tour of inspection throughout the island. The interest in public schools is sincere. A new school law has been promulgated and is becoming daily more efficient. The whole island has been divided into school districts, and the law provides in the greatest detail for the proper conduct and efficiency of the schools. The salaries paid the teachers in the public schools are higher than those paid teachers in any portion of the United States for teachers of a corresponding grade, with the exception of three of our large cities.

CHARITIES AND HOSPITALS

From the eastern to the western end of Cuba the institutions of beneficence and the hospitals have been carefully and systematically reorganized, and in many instances renovated and re-equipped. Industrial and manual training institutions have been established, and a new law governing the administration of charities and providing for the care of orphans, indigents and insane persons has been put into operation. This work has been done by Colonel Greble, with the very able assistance of Mr. Homer Folkes of the New York Board of Charities. In the past few months, between fifty and sixty of the smaller asylums have been broken up, improved conditions existing throughout the island having made it possible for relatives and friends to take the children once more into their families and provide for their support.

Modern plumbing and modern instruments have been put into the larger hospitals, and to-day the larger cities of Cuba and most of the larger towns are supplied with efficient and well-equipped institutions of this character.

PUBLIC WORKS

Every energy and all available money possible has been devoted to public works. The reconstruction of bridges and repair of old highways and the construction of new ones have been a special feature of this work. Roadmaking in Cuba is expensive. The work has to be of the most substantial character on account of the enormous rainfall. Six hundred and twenty-two miles of road have been built and repaired within the last year, and surveys and detailed estimates have been made for over 1,200 miles more.

Several new lighthouses have been constructed and a complete lighthouse board organized, which has under its control the care of lighthouses and the proper buoying of harbors, etc.

Under public works of a sanitary character an enormous amount of work has been done in all the larger cities and towns. Santiago has been virtually reconstructed so far as its streets are concerned. Its water front has been dredged out, and for the first time in the memory of man a summer has passed without a case of yellow fever.

Water systems costing hundreds of thousands of dollars have been constructed for the supply of towns hitherto dependent upon an impure water supply. In short, under sanitation, Cuba has had a real awakening, and the people are beginning to realize the conditions rendered possible by the efficient conduct of sanitary work.

In Havana a very great deal has been done in every way. The renovation of buildings has been a feature in this line. Systematic and careful disinfection of many thousands of houses has been made; street repairing has been extensive; the water front and the parks cleaned up and rebuilt, and at this time Havana is making a great contract for the entire repaving and sewerage of the city. The result is shown in sanitary conditions which are to-day, everything considered, better than ever before known in Havana.

COMMERCIAL AND AGRICULTURAL CONDITIONS

With the exception of one or two districts, Cuba may be said to be fairly well reconstructed agriculturally and on the high road to prosperity.

The tobacco crop of last year was very large, one of the largest in the history of the island, and this year's crop will equal if not exceed it. The sugar crop in the present year will be in the neighborhood of 550,000 tons, and if the present price of sugar continues the amount of money realized will equal that received from the great crops of years gone by.

The cultivation of coffee is being resumed in the eastern provinces, as is also the extensive cultivation of cocoa.

Mining industries, especially in the two eastern provinces, are rapidly developing. This section of Cuba has an unlimited supply of very high-grade iron ore, as well as large quantities of copper and oxide of manganese; also there are deposits of zinc and a low grade of asbestos. In the province of Santiago there is still an enormous amount of very valuable timber.

The commerce of the island is growing, as shown by the import duties. There is a great demand for labor from one end of Cuba to the other. Large plantations are being reconstructed, some of them costing \$1,500,000 for machinery and equipment alone. Land in the eastern provinces is cheap, and of the best possible quality. When it is remembered that probably not over ten per cent of Cuba was ever under cultivation at one time, the possibilities of its future development can be appreciated.

Credit is good throughout the island, but investment by outside capital is slow on account of the political uncertainty of the future.

I know of no land where young men of moderate capital and industry have a better chance than in Cuba. The possibilities in the way of fruit growing have never been even appreciated. Oranges of the finest flavor grow in the greatest abundance, and with at any care. With proper cultivation the possibilities in this line are apparently limitless. Frosts are unknown, and there is a sufficient amount of rainfall to do away with need of irrigation. What is said of oranges is probably true of lemons and olives. Potatoes, onions, and all kinds of garden truck grow with the greatest rapidity and in great abundance. The raising of cattle and horses can also be conducted very profitably in the island. The grazing is excellent, the grass being always in condition from one year's end to the other.

Many important enterprises are under consideration. Immigrants are pouring into the island, especially from Spain. These immigrants are mostly from the northern provinces, and are a hardy, industrious race of people and will make good citizens.

As to the climatic conditions existing in Cuba, it may be safely said that one can live there with as much comfort as in any of our Southern States, and it is believed that as the reconstruction and development of the island progress the prevalent diseases will largely disappear.

Yellow fever, of which so much is said, is not, after all, so much to be feared as is popularly supposed, and we have every reason to hope that in a few years, with careful attention to sanitation, and careful isolation of the diseased, that Cuba can be made as safe for the European as Jamaica is to-day. It cannot be stamped out at once, nor is its removal the work of a single year.

The presence of yellow fever this year in Cuba, and especially in Havana, is due almost entirely to the number of Spanish immigrants who are arriving on every steamer, nearly all of them being non-immunes.

CUSTOMS AND QUARANTINE SERVICE

The customs service has been thoroughly reorganized under the able management of Colonel Bliss, and is at present conducted in the most satisfactory manner. All the ports are well supplied with the necessary launches and boats. A revenue or coast patrol fleet has been constructed, consisting of five small new vessels and one former Spanish gunboat.

The quarantine service is under the immediate control of our own marine hospital surgeons, who are at present attached to the island government. Associated with them are many Cubans. This service is highly efficient, and great credit is due for the manner in which the work is conducted.

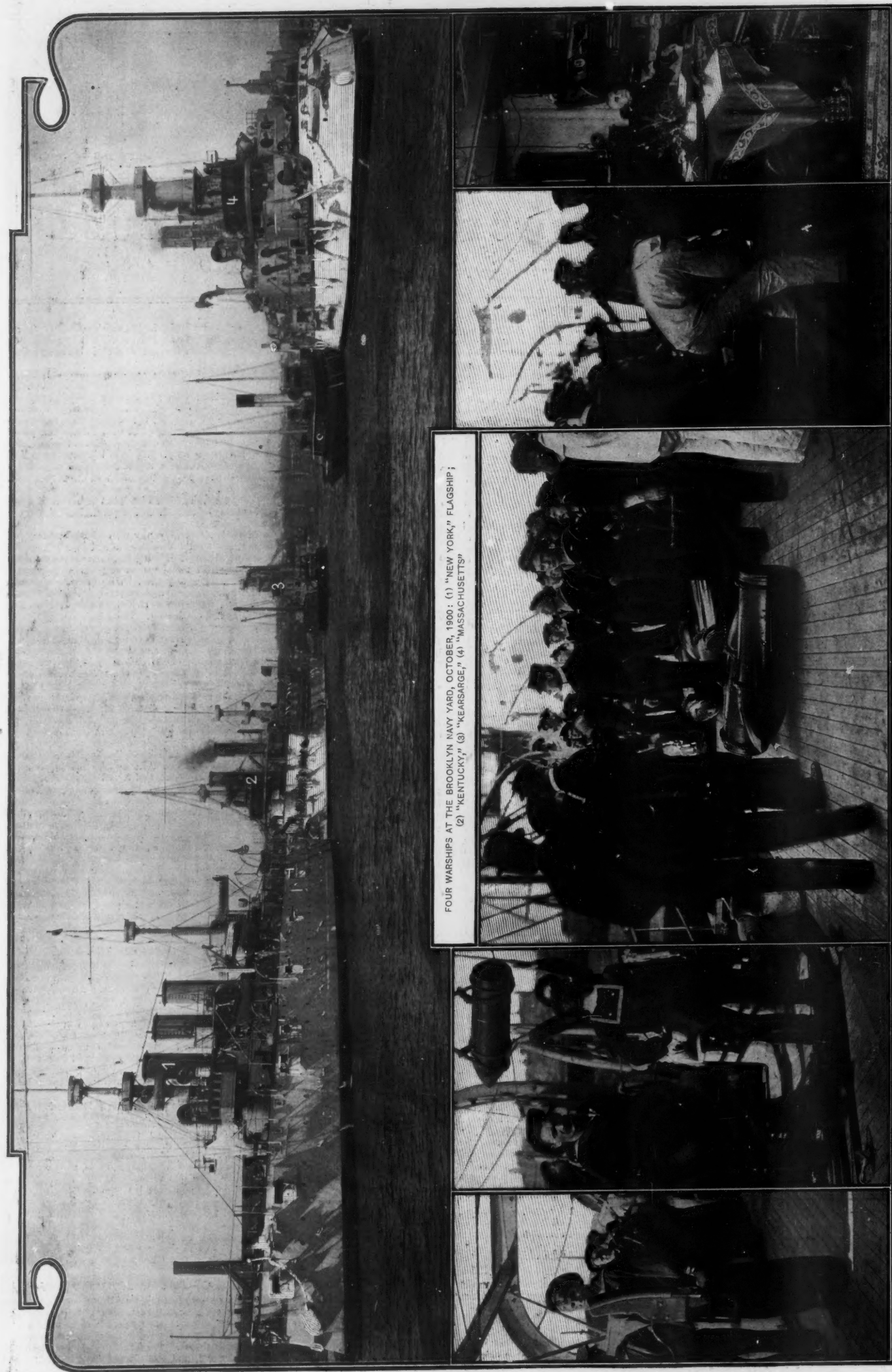
ADMINISTRATION OF JUSTICE

In the administration of justice, much has been done to simplify and facilitate trials and criminal cases. Correctional courts, on the order of our police courts, have been established in the larger cities and towns. Trial by jury has been established in certain classes of criminal cases, and the writ of habeas corpus will go into operation in December. Changes in the law are not required, but the procedure needs modification. Thorough and frequent inspection in all the prisons in the island is made to prevent improper or unlawful detention.

The reports of discontent, hatred of Americans, and suspicion of the intentions of the American Government, which are so often seen in the press, are absolutely incorrect. Cuba is profoundly tranquil and rapidly becoming very prosperous.

WORK OF THE AMERICAN ARMY

The American army, through its officers, has been one of the greatest factors in the reconstruction of the country, and in the re-establishment of the present civil government the officers have taken up nearly every line of work with singular ability and unselfishness. The history of their work in Cuba is free from scandal, and will always stand to their credit. At present, the army is practically removed from any active participation in civil affairs. The relations between the soldiers and people are friendly, and disorders are extremely infrequent, and such as do occur are only small disputes of a personal character.



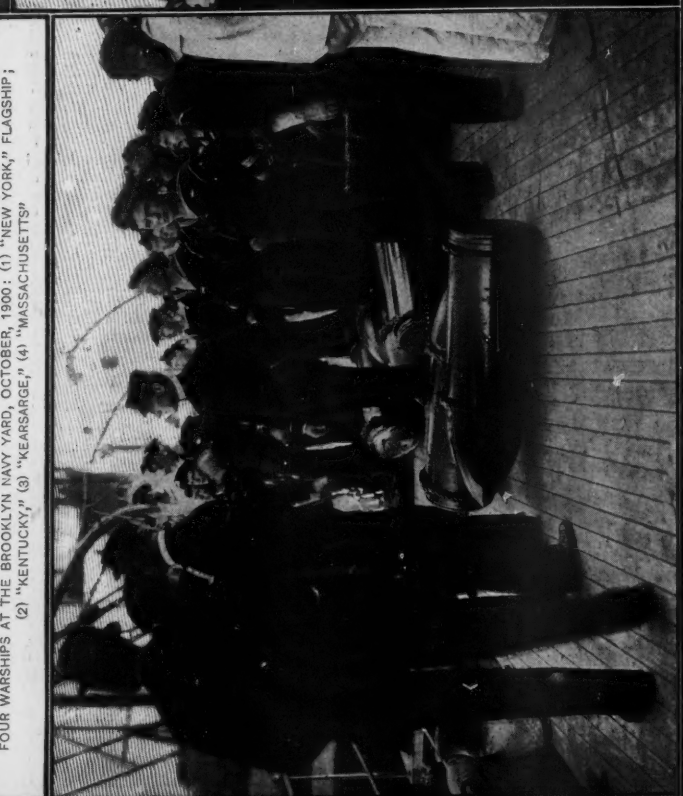
FOUR WARSHIPS AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD, OCTOBER, 1900: (1) "NEW YORK," FLAGSHIP; (2) "KENTUCKY," (3) "KEARSARGE," (4) "MASSACHUSETTS"



A YOUNG GUNNER AND HIS GUN



HOISTING 13-INCH SHELLS ON BOARD



AMMUNITION COMING ON BOARD FROM A LIGHTER ALONGSIDE

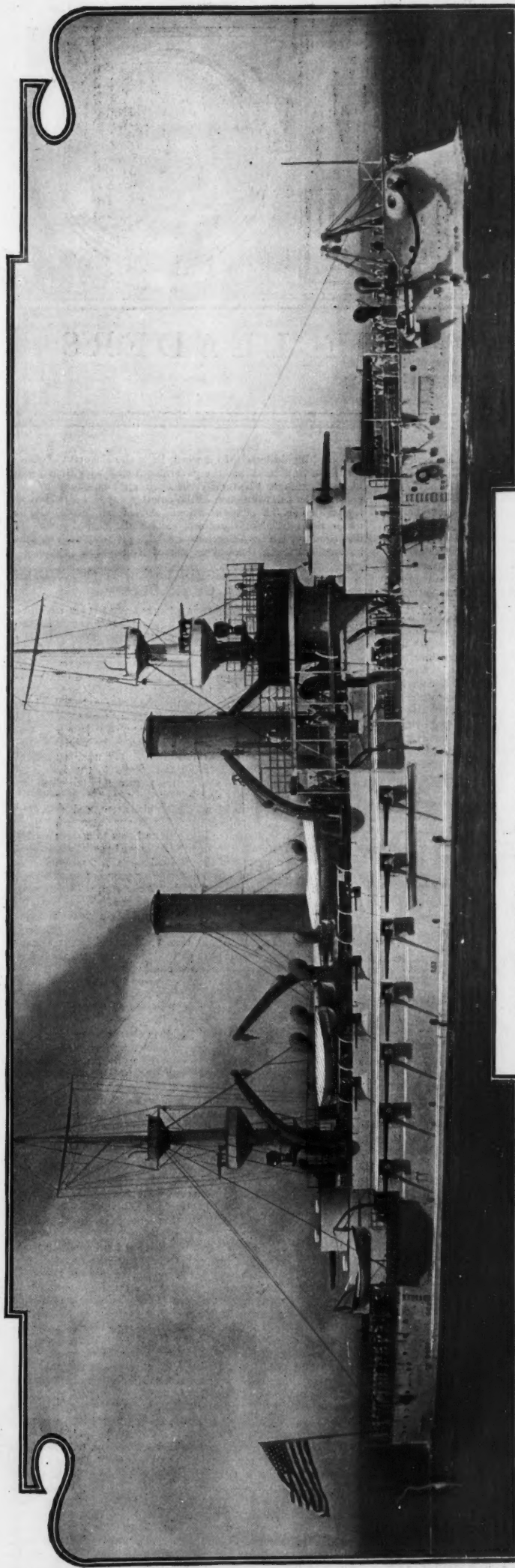


PREPARING TO LOWER SHELLS BELOW

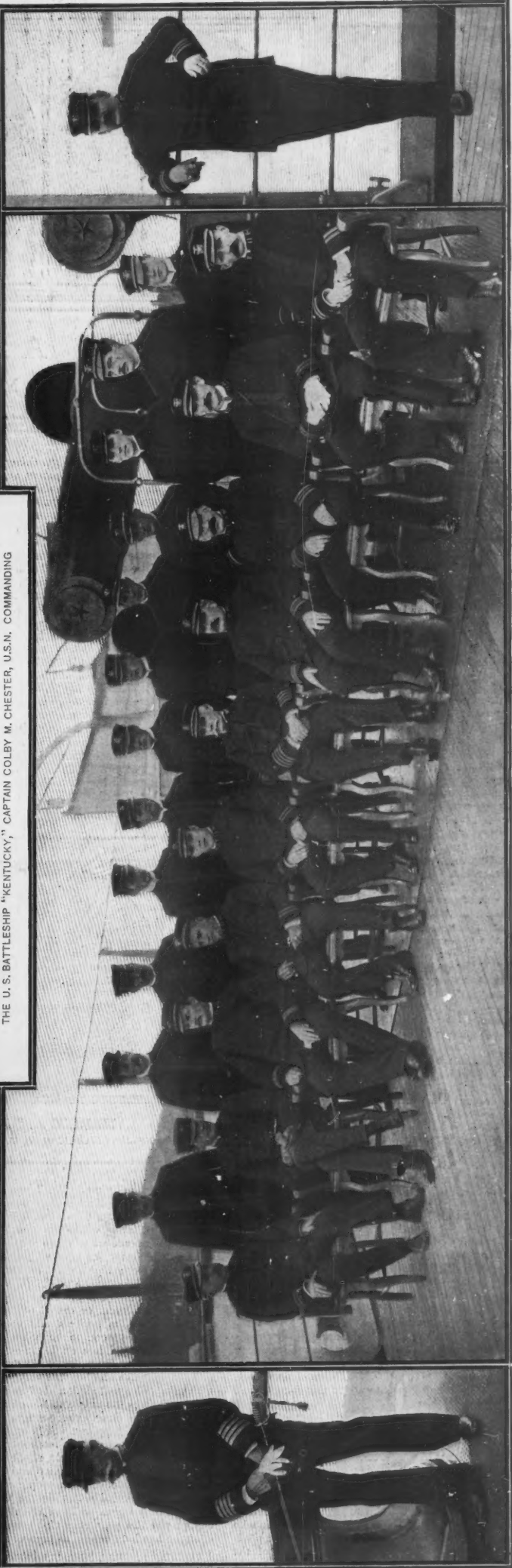


CAPT. CHESTER IN HIS CABIN

THE U.S. BATTLESHIP "KENTUCKY," ORDERED TO CHINA, AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD



THE U. S. BATTLESHIP "KENTUCKY," CAPTAIN COLBY M. CHESTER, U.S.N. COMMANDING



CAPT. COLBY M. CHESTER

LOOKING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: THOSE IN THE FIRST ROW ARE: SURGEON G. P. LUNDEN, CAPT. B. S. NEUMANN, U.S.M.C.; PAYMASTER J. G. LOVELL, LIEUT. M. BEVINGTON, FAST ASST. SURGEON S. D. EVANS, CAPT. G. H. CHESTER, LIEUT.-COM. H. OSTERHAUS, LIEUT.-COM. G. A. GOVE, LIEUT. J. C. LEONARD, LIEUT. W. M. ROBERTS, LIEUT. W. P. SCOTT, ENDRIGS L. G. PALMER AND E. WOODS, AND CADET F. R. HALE

LIEUT.-COM. H. OSTERHAUS

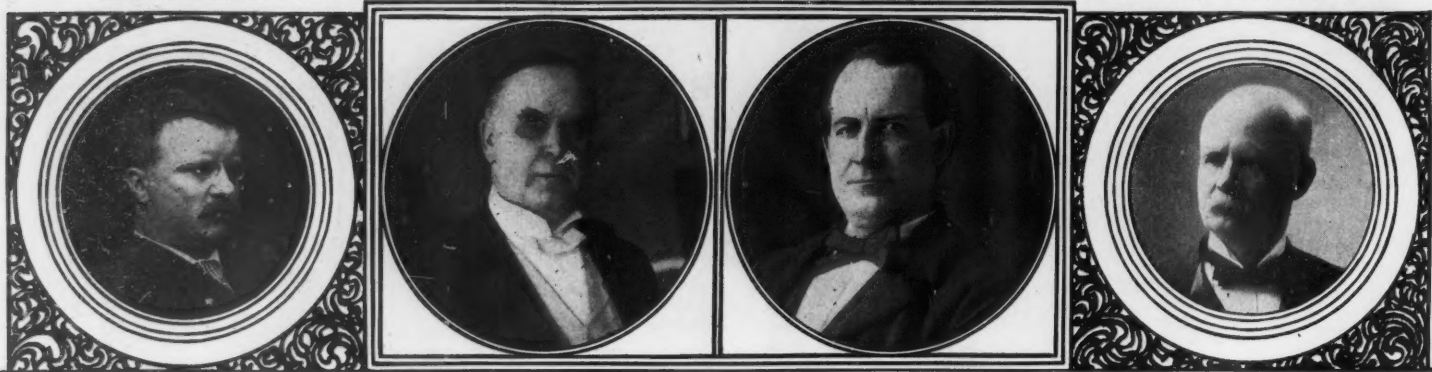
THE "KENTUCKY" AND HER OFFICERS

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

WILLIAM McKINLEY

WILLIAM J. BRYAN

ADLAI E. STEVENSON



THE CANDIDATES AND THE LEADERS

By HENRY LOOMIS NELSON

THE CAMPAIGN is ended, and there remains only the casting and the counting of the votes to decide the contest. It has not been an exciting campaign, except perhaps where Mr. Bryan and Governor Roosevelt have spoken, but there have been many evidences of deep popular feeling. This feeling is especially manifest in the unusually large registration both in the country and the city. So impressive is the universal expression of the determination of the voters to cast their ballots for one candidate or the other that, on the whole, we must conclude that the country is not guilty of the apathy of which it has been accused, and which, if it really existed, would augur ill for the future of the republic and of democracy itself. It is clear, however, notwithstanding the cheering crowds which have greeted Mr. Bryan's rushing hustings that the candidates themselves have not stirred the pulse of the people, and that neither of them, in himself, appeals to the country. One, however, stands, in the opinion of a large body of the voters, for material interests, for prosperity; while the other signifies wild industrial and economic experiments and financial disturbance. This other, however, in the opinion of another large body of voters, including some of the ablest and purest men in the country, stands for the republic against a threatened empire, for the rule of the plain people against that of a vulgar commercial oligarchy, for the long-existing revolt against the alliance of the government with what some of Mr. Bryan's supporters call "the plutocracy," and which others of them call "private interests." So the appeal to men, on one side or the other of the great debate, has been unusually moving; it has gone to the very vitals, and apathy, under the circumstances, would have been of dire foreboding.

What indifference there is, is an indifference to the candidates personally. Mr. McKinley, although he was once called the "advance agent of prosperity," is far from being the ideal conservator of the material interests of the country, the diligent and prudent statesman, learned in the economic laws which govern the production and distribution of wealth. The appeal which his leader, Senator Hanna, is making to the stomachs of the wage-earners, condensed into the "full dinner pail" apothegm, is a measure of Mr. McKinley's political philosophy. This, however, is the cry of the touter for votes, and here again we have the very essence of the modern statesmanship by which both Mr. McKinley and Mr. Bryan are dominated.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY has asked me for a study of the candidates for President and Vice-President, with some remarks on the leaders of the two parties, and I have prefaced them with this introduction in order to indicate that the studies will be impartial and "non-partisan."

WILLIAM McKINLEY, POLITICIAN AND PUBLIC MAN

William McKinley is a perfectly logical and natural product of the politics of the last thirty years. He is a socialist who does not believe in equality of opportunity or in entire equality of gains and of distribution of property. He is what might be called a selective socialist—that is, he has picked out the manufacturing interests of the country and has loaned, or transferred, to them the taxing power of the government, in order that they might be made rich at the expense of their fellow-citizens. He believes that prosperity is the touchstone of character; that a nation which is expanding its commerce, whose banks are crammed with deposits, and whose "lines" of loans and discounts indicate a flourishing condition of trade, is morally better than a nation suffering, let us say, from a visitation of Providence in the form of a drought, or from a visitation of idealism, in the form of a war against despotism and oppression, or in that of a crusade for human liberty. By the same token all rich men are better than any poor man, though possibly Mr. McKinley might balk at this reduction of his thesis.

Believing thoroughly in the duty of the government to help the individual to wealth, Mr. McKinley has grown up in the economic atmosphere which we all breathe—some of us suffering economic phthisis on account of it, while others become unduly robust and obvious. He stands for the general idea that Congress ought to help the country "get on"; first, this notion was realized by promoting manufactures by means of buying the home market for our domestic products, while now the idea is to promote commerce by buying ships for those who are desirous of making money by carrying our domestic produce to foreign countries. At the root of this view of the functions of government, and responsible for it, is a hearty American optimism, and a belief in the greatness and the destiny of the nation. Mr. McKinley was born in Ohio, a State which was created by the Federal Government, and which has, or used to have, a very different political as well as social atmosphere from that of the older States which set up the Federal Government. I once heard General

Garfield say that the people out there look to the Federal Government as the source of all power, and this is Mr. McKinley's way of looking at the Government of the United States, and this conception controls him as President.

In his opinion, this government is capable of accomplishing anything. He believes it ought to "do things." He would scout the idea that a "free people" through their agents cannot do anything that an absolute ruler can undertake and accomplish. The suggestion that a democracy is essentially not so powerful as an absolutism would strike him as a slur on democracy; probably the idea that the framers of our government deliberately constituted its weakness never entered his mind to find serious lodgment there. This confident belief in the power of the republic makes Mr. McKinley an expansionist. He does not believe that he is an imperialist, because he does not define imperialism as the government of an unwilling people by the government of another and alien people, but as the government of a foreign people by a bad monarch; the government of a foreign people by a good, although absolute and hostile, President not constituting imperialism.

But Mr. McKinley's leading characteristic, as a public man, and as the Chief Executive, is to do what the country demands. He is said to "keep his ear to the ground." This does not very accurately describe his attitude. He is full of patriotic pride, and he has faith in what he looks upon as the country. Mr. Bryan, to anticipate a moment, has the same faith, and it is as strong as Mr. McKinley's, but the two have



MARCUS A. HANNA
CHAIRMAN REPUBLICAN EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

different points of view. Mr. Bryan listens to the "plain people," while Mr. McKinley pays heed to the prosperous men, especially to the men who have been made prosperous by the socialistic policy of which he has long been the exponent. Having discovered what these men think is best for the welfare of the country, he governs himself accordingly. He has also, of course, a high regard for the opinion of the voters as it finds expression at the polls, and nothing could induce him to manifest disrespect for them by flying in their faces with his own convictions or conscientious scruples. The American voters are his masters, and their prophets are the protected manufacturers, to be presently re-enforced by the subsidized shipbuilders and ship-owners.

These characteristics are negative, but Mr. McKinley has also very positive abilities and very winning talents. He deals with men with great skill, and after having made up his mind, he often brings the public to his own way of thinking. This talent was very clearly exercised in regard to the question of retaining the Philippines. Step by step Mr. McKinley created a sentiment in favor of the retention of the islands. First, he was shocked, with the people, at the suggestion that we should transform our war of humanity into a war of conquest. Thus he won the confidence of the people who were likewise shocked. Then he discovered difficulties in the way of leaving them. Then destiny began to loom upon the horizon, and eventually played the poor man that lamentable trick, which, however, he has long ceased to regret. By this time many minds which sympathized with his preliminary shock were drawn along with him, and he had his party of annexation. On the other hand, if he finds that the people do not march with him, he is far from being obstinate. He can turn in his tracks, like the amiable believer in the people and their prophets that he is, as he did in respect of the Porto Rican tariff bill. Amiability is one of his strongest characteristics. With the accompanying virtue of patience, he is a well-armed man for the exe-

cution of his designs. In a word, he is the cleverest of allies for those who hold that the government exists for their pecuniary advantage. Naturally, in such an emergency as the present, the solid interests of the country support Mr. McKinley and color his administration. And it is because he is under the control of the commercial and financial powers of the country, whose directions he will probably follow, that he receives much the larger part of its support.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, HIS THEORIES AND CHARACTER

Mr. Bryan is like thousands of other Americans who live west of the Allegheny Mountains. He believes that the money-lender is the oppressor of the borrower. He has come to this conclusion because the farmers of the unfruitful part of Nebraska have suffered under mortgages. He believes that capital is grasping, because his neighbors complain that freight charges to Chicago eat up all the profits of the wheat fields. He believes that banks are bad, because the people of his section of the country lack currency. He is a silver man, because he thinks, with the free and unlimited coinage of silver, there would be more money in the country than there is with the single gold standard. But primarily and fundamentally, he is opposed to the East, and his revolution is directed against the partnership which exists between the government and private interests.

He is a simple man of admirable character, and possessed of a certain charm of oratory. He is absolutely sincere in every error he professes, and, while he holds to certain socialistic doctrines, he believes, rather hazily perhaps, that the government should exist for the general welfare, and not for increasing the wealth of any individual or group of individuals. While he represents and is a typical American, it is also true, fortunately, that those of his fellow-citizens who agree with him as to the means he would choose for the purpose of overthrowing "plutocracy" are in the minority. Though how many will vote for him on the theory, advanced by Mr. Olney, that "plutocracy" ought at once to be overthrown at any cost, lest it grow unassailable, is quite another question. Mr. Bryan's anti-imperialism was nobly expressed in the Indianapolis speech of acceptance. Since that speech he has uttered nothing that approaches it either in loftiness of thought or art in oratory.

It was much easier to read Mr. Bryan's character four years ago than it is to-day. Then he was a frank, fearless champion of economic error. He is now receiving the support of men who know his errors as they knew them then, and who dread experimenting with him and them. There has been no change for the better in Mr. Bryan in this respect, but he will be supported by many of his former opponents because they believe that he will maintain republican institutions and destroy the partnership of the government in private interests, and either that Mr. McKinley will destroy them, or will fasten upon the government forever the policy of what we have come to call commercialism. They think that the republic may have a stormy and disastrous four years with Mr. Bryan, but that, even so, it is better that she endure distress and keep her face turned heavenward than that she pass the remainder of her days bending over a stock-ticker.

Although Mr. Bryan has not changed his economic views during the past four years, his character has certainly suffered a certain amount of deterioration. He is not the frank man he was four years ago, and he is much more the politician, the seeker after votes. It is not apparent to me, at least, that his attitude toward corrupt local machines has radically changed. The bosses were not so near to him then as they are now, but they were "regular." The somewhat ostentatious friendship of Croker for him is disagreeable to those who have liked to think him sincere and upright, even if he were mistaken. Four years ago he bluntly said that he wanted no one to vote for him under a misapprehension; now he avoids the money question here, conceals anti-imperialism under his cloak where the colonial policy is popular, but talks about the trusts everywhere without knowing precisely what a trust is. But one characteristic stands out in bold relief, no matter what one may think of the unpleasant changes which I have noted: he is a man who does his own thinking, and who will reach his own conclusions. He may conceal his opinions where they are unpopular, instead of forcing them upon hostile ears as he was wont to do, but he does not abandon them, or run away from them. He stands by his guns. He believes in the American people, in their principles, their morality and their form of government, but he would be the last man to permit them to do his thinking for him, although there is no doubt that he would permit them to help him think.

He would not have a very agreeable White House, if he should chance to be elected, for I fear that he regards the social graces of life as Eastern and European affectations.

I have left myself small space for characterization of the two leading candidates for Vice-President, but luckily I do not need a great deal.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Governor Roosevelt has been talking for himself, and many of his best friends think to his own detriment. He is an eager, impulsive person, who has permitted his admiration for war and soldiers to grow into a mania so that many who once thought well of him would dread to see him in the President's place. Whatever may have been the effect of his trip and of his extraordinary speeches on the Western mind, they have produced a very painful impression in this part of the country, and the Governor's chances of a Presidential nomination are sensibly less than they were before his nomination at Philadelphia. The conservative citizen is now convinced that Mr. Roosevelt is prone to quarrel, and really believes in the moral value of war. If it were certain, or even probable, therefore, that Mr. McKinley would not live out his term, and that the Vice-President would succeed him, it is quite apparent that Republican success would be in greater danger than it is. In all other respects, those who know Governor Roosevelt must believe that he is much better fitted for the Presidency than is Mr. McKinley. He has more courage. He would be much sounder and wiser on currency questions. He is far more liberal on the question of the tariff. He despises the domination of wealth in politics. He is an honest and efficient civil service reformer, and has rendered splendid service to that cause. But all his virtues are buried under a sort of thirsonian swashbuckling militarism—a foible which is amusing at Oyster Bay or the Century Club, somewhat disagreeable at Albany, and which would be positively dangerous and offensive at Washington.

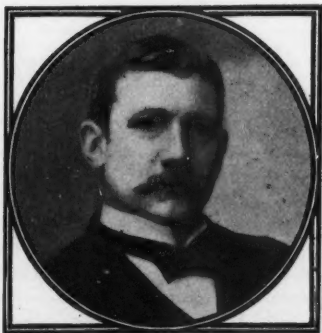
ADLAI E. STEVENSON

Adlai E. Stevenson is the Democratic candidate for Vice-President; a quiet man, who does the bidding of his party, and is highly esteemed by his friends for a certain absence of contentiousness in his discourse with them—and with others. His idea of the party is that part of it which is situated in the West, so that he is possessed of all the heresies of the man with whom he is "running," and of the various platforms on which they "stand." Years ago he entered the House of Representatives at Washington as a greenbacker, and when he became candidate for Vice-President in 1892 with Mr. Cleveland much fear was entertained by the then Democratic leaders that his infirm record would prove disastrous. There was a long wait, and a fearful one, for his letter of acceptance, but when he wrote it he did as he has always done: he obeyed directions. This time, however, his view of what the party was had become considerably widened. He was, however, a thorn in Mr. Cleveland's side when the latter was trying to repeal the silver purchasing clause of what was known as the Sherman act, the act which Mr. McKinley, as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, forced through the House of Representatives. It was understood that Mr. Stevenson was placed on the Democratic ticket at Kansas City because he was supposed to be pleasing to "conservatives." And this shows how completely he and his record had been forgotten. There is no man in public life, and especially in high place, whose presence there has been more inappropriate, and whose influence has been of less value. The measure of his ability was shown by the astounding zeal with which he devoted four years to cutting off the official heads of Republican fourth-class postmasters. He was the "headsman" then, and in that capacity achieved the highest distinction to which he is ever likely to attain.

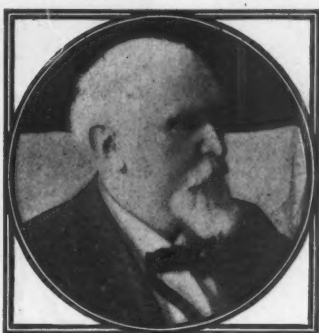
MARK HANNA

Of the men who will be the nearest to Mr. McKinley if he should be re-elected President, Senator Marcus A. Hanna is easily chief. He also is a characteristic output of American politics, and probably more than any other man made Mr. McKinley President. His like is known in other countries, but the type in Europe is seen only in commercial or industrial life. Sometimes a man of this kind finds his way into politics, but as a rule his trade, or his factory, or, after retirement, his garden, or his other property contents the European who has reached opulence. Mr. Hanna, using the phrase as indicating one who is the builder of his own fortune, is not a self-made man, but he has diligently and skillfully added a good many improvements to the competency which his father left him. He has "spread out," and has grown up from a grocer into an iron and coal merchant, a common carrier in the Lakes, a builder of vessels, a president of street railways and banks, and of a Lake Superior mining company.

He is not only the rich man in politics, but the rich man whose wealth has been greatly aided by Federal legislation. Mr. Hanna agrees with Mr. McKinley as to the proper relation that ought to exist between the government and such private interests as his. His iron and coal business has been benefited by the protective tariff, and he sees no reason why the government should not help along his shipbuilding interests by granting him a subsidy. He is the author of the "full dinner" pail theory in political ethics, the final formulation of



ELIHU ROOT
SECRETARY OF WAR



JAMES K. JONES
CHAIRMAN DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE

the old protection theory that if the people of the United States pay enough bounty to the manufacturers, the wage earner will be so much the better off, and that the loftiest ideal of the republic is the attainment of bodily comfort.

Mr. Hanna is a very strong man. People do not love him. He is probably the most unpopular boss we have ever seen in politics, but he dominates and rules with a brute force that gives occasion for very brutal caricatures of him. He pushed John Sherman out of the Senate to make a place there for himself, and he held Alger in the Cabinet against the wishes of the country. He is often the President's inspiration, and nearly always his spine.

CUSHMAN K. DAVIS

Cushman K. Davis is the President's leader in the Senate, and he is one of the members of that body who are of what used to be recognized as Senatorial timber—that is, he is a leader among the lawyers and speakers of the body. He has read books, and knows something both of the art, the history, and the philosophy of statecraft. His own history is that of a man who has been trained in intellectual pursuits. He was born in the State of New York, and was graduated from the



CUSHMAN K. DAVIS
UNITED STATES SENATOR

University of Michigan in 1857, when he was nineteen years old. Since then, with the exception of two years of service in the army during the war of secession, he has spent his life in the practice of law, and in holding offices of honor. He was for one year, 1867, a member of the Minnesota Legislature. Then for five years he was United States District Attorney for the State. Then for one year he was Governor. After an interval of twelve years he was elected to the United States Senate, and is one of the men who will remain in that body until he tires of the service, or until an opposition party elects a majority to the State Legislature.

Mr. Davis, next to Mr. Day, was Mr. McKinley's strong man on the Spanish treaty commission, and was the administration's champion of the treaty on the floor of the Senate. But he is not governed by the industrial passion which afflicts men like Hanna, who are not in the habit of recognizing or of bowing to obstacles of an ideal, or legal, or any character, but who insist on going straight to their commercial ends, let harm come to what it may, Constitution or anything else. Mr. Davis was not sound on the Porto Rican tariff bill, and if the administration proposes to go outside of the Constitution and to levy taxes on colonists different in character and amount from that which it levies on our citizens at home, it is likely to find trouble with Mr. Davis, whose place as Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee makes him of great importance to an administration having so many international and colonial questions on hand. The only other eminent lawyer in the Senate upon whom Mr. McKinley can depend is Mr. Spooner, whose late conversion to the cause of imperialism seems to be complete.

ELIHU ROOT

Secretary Root is Mr. McKinley's dependence in the Cabinet and in the State of New York. The machine in New York is not friendly to Mr. McKinley, but Mr. Root is powerful in both communions. As Secretary of War, he is the most important member of the Cabinet on all colonial questions, for Cuba and the Philippines are administered under the war powers of the President. The prominence of Mr. Root in the Cabinet, so different from the position of the usual Secretary of War, has been due to this fact. The readers of COLLIER'S WEEKLY will recall that, during the summer, when the President was at Canton, and Mr. Hay was in New Hampshire, it was Mr. Root who took the burden of the problem of China. It was he who advised with Assistant Secretary Adee, and who consulted with the President over the long distance telephone. It was with Mr. Root, too, upon whom the Chinese Minister

used sometimes to call with his reassuring despatches. And this leads one to make the guess that if Mr. Hay is not, for any reason, reappointed Secretary of State, in the event of Mr. McKinley's re-election, that Mr. Root will be the head of the next administration. We are not in the habit of enjoying the services of a trained diplomatist, like Mr. Hay, at the head of the State Department, and of all the untrained men about the President, Mr. Root has more of the talents that fit a man for the place than any one else. And the dependence of the President upon him, moreover, points to the conclusion that Mr. McKinley does not disagree with this view of the present Secretary of War.

Mr. Root, as New York knows, is an astute and accomplished lawyer, and it was in his report as Secretary of a year ago that the ultra-Constitutional argument was boldly advanced. He held that the citizens of our newly acquired possessions were not entitled to the benefits of the Constitution, and that Congress is not bound by its limitations in governing them. If Mr. Root is selected for the head of the State Department, or if he remains in the Cabinet at all, in case of Mr. McKinley's re-election, it will be easy to predict what the contention of the Executive is to be on this subject.

CHAIRMAN JONES

Among the puzzles of Bryan are his probable political supporters and the members of his Cabinet. Who will be about him? No one knows. He does not seem to have any particular friend. He is self-sufficient. The manager of his two campaigns is Senator James K. Jones of Arkansas. Senator Jones, in himself, is not a dangerous man. Quite the contrary, he is a man of good ability and of excellent character. When he entered the House of Representatives he was the friend of the best men among the Democratic leaders. He was one of the followers of William R. Morrison and John G. Carlisle, and eventually belonged to the group of men about these two, and especially about the latter, who made the strong and brilliant fight for tariff reform during the years from 1883 to 1894. His friends then were, besides Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Morrison, William L. Wilson and Clifton R. Breckinridge. When he went into the Senate he became a member of the Committee on Finance, and there he made a notable struggle in behalf of the integrity of the Wilson bill, doing his utmost to protect it from the onslaughts of the Democratic protectionists, chief among whom were Smith of New Jersey, Murphy of New York, and Gorman.

Tariff reform being defeated, Senator Jones joined the forces of disorder, and raged for the free coinage of silver. The East has little conception of the depth of feeling which stirred the pulses of these free silver men. They were possessed of a veritable rage, the rage of men who had been deceived and betrayed by what they looked upon as an alliance of Eastern Democrats and Republicans against the West and the South. The free silver brand was snatched up by them to destroy the enemy.

In such a contest those who engage in it are very far from appearing at their best, but Senator Jones is really one of the most amiable of men, and a man, moreover, of a very high sense of honor. He represents what may be called, for brevity, the misguided but sincere supporters of Mr. Bryan, and is one of the best of them. Senator Jones's public work has been for what he regarded as the public welfare. He is an unselfish and patriotic man.

RICHARD OLNEY

A much different man from any I have described or shall speak of in this article is Richard Olney. He represents the best thought, the highest training, the most acute political conscience of the country—the conscience of the gold Democrats who deliberately turned their backs upon politics and public honors for the sake of their principles. I shall not speak of his public career in this place, for it is too recent, and his conduct at the head of the State Department made too deep an impression to require reference to it. Mr. Olney intends to vote for Mr. Bryan because he regards him as a lesser evil and a smaller danger than Mr. McKinley. In his mind the greatest disaster which could happen to the country is the perpetuation of McKinleyism, of the commercialism for which McKinley stands, for that partnership between the government and private interests of which I have already spoken. He is opposed to the Philippine policy of the President, and has reached the conclusion that if McKinleyism is not killed now, at any cost to the country, it will blast the republic. He knows what may be the cost. No man knows it better, for no lawyer in the country is more concerned in large financial affairs than he; but if all the prophets of ill should be vindicated, he still would hold Mr. Bryan preferable to Mr. McKinley, although, in fact, he has said that any panic that may follow Mr. Bryan's election will be a stock-jobbing panic.

These must be taken as the opinions of one who is sometimes admitted to conversation with public men. The public is forced to be content with such a second-hand view, for these solemn rulers of ours have formally agreed never to write for publication of each other. It is only the outsider who can paint them as they are, or as they seem to be. No politician's pen shall ever be employed in telling the truth of a politician.



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AN AMERICAN HUMORIST:

BY

JAMES L. FORD



I MYSELF was the original discoverer of Mark Twain, at least so far as our school was concerned, and the other day, as I sat talking to the ruddy-faced and grizzled man of sixty-five, my memory went back just one-third of a century, and I saw myself once more seated with my companions around the big stove in the upper hall of the old schoolhouse rubbing with witch-hazel extract the shins and elbows that had been bruised in the playground, and reading aloud in turn from the "Jumping Frog."

We were too young then to understand a great many things that some of us know now. I know that I had no idea that the author of the little book of sketches that had fallen into our hands was in the legitimate line of succession to the leadership of American humor—a line that may be said to have begun with Lieutenant Derby and ended with Bill Nye. I do not mean to say that Mark Twain was deposed from the leadership, he simply rose to higher things, and now, wisely enough, is devoting his later years to books which, like "Joan of Arc" and "Huckleberry Finn," are far more likely to outlive the twentieth century than are "The Innocents Abroad" or "The Gilded Age."

We were too young, we boarding-school youngsters, who gathered nightly about the big stove to anoint our shins with witch-hazel and our minds with pure, healthful and vigorous humor—to this very day the peculiar smell of that ointment never fails to recall to my mind the story of the bad little boy who did not come to grief—we were too young to know anything about the history of American humor or the technique of the professional humorist. But we had pretty clear ideas as to what was funny, and on the night that I came into the upper hall with the "Jumping Frog" in my hand, we had an adjourned session after the teacher had made his rounds, and, until far into the night we sat listening to those wonderful stories and muffling and choking down our laughter for fear it would be heard two floors below. That night we voted that the new humorist was pretty nearly as funny as Dickens and considerably funnier than Artemus Ward.

I have learned a great deal since then about humorous literature, the way in which it is prepared and the men who have achieved fortunes and reputation in some cases, delirium tremens and poverty in others, by their skill in its preparation, and now, after a lapse of a third of a century, I see no reason why the verdict rendered by half a dozen boys on that winter's night should be reversed.

The story of the life of Samuel L. Clemens has been told and retold a thousand times. But it is a story which cannot be told too often to the rising generation of America, nor is there any writer in the land, no matter of what sex, age or previous condition of seriousness, who can fail to profit by a close study of a literary career which had its beginning in our own native soil, and whose constant upward tendency from that day until the present has scarcely a parallel in the craft of letters of to-day.

It is impossible to discuss his work without comparing it in a way with that of his contemporaries and taking into account the rather peculiar literary age in which he has lived and achieved his reputation. One of the peculiarities of this age is that it has produced very few writers whose work has improved and mellowed and ripened as the years went by. The subject is not a pleasant one for consideration, nor do I care to mention by name the many who have entered the field with a book or story of remarkable brilliancy and promise, and then gone doddering slowly down the broad path that leads to weak babblings and afterward complete silence. We have only to mention the name of any American writer of the past quarter of a century and then ask ourselves, whether it is his first or his last book by which he is recalled to memory. That will tell the story, and I am afraid that in nine cases out of ten the story is not one of sound healthful literary growth.

I do not think that any one will deny that Mark Twain's name will be linked in our literary history with that of his later and more serious work—the finer fruit of ripened thought, experience and travel—rather than with the first outcroppings, rich as they were, of that native humor that was so keen and homely and racy of the soil. But a few days ago, as I listened to his talk about his journey around the world and thought of the great and honorable task for which that journey had been undertaken, it seemed to me that the great humorist had not yet passed his prime; and as he spoke vaguely and in uncertain notes about the work which he has laid out for his future years, the idea impressed itself upon me that the great book of his life is yet to be written, and that, should his life be spared, it still remains for him to give

to the world the work by which he will be remembered throughout all time.

It is scarcely necessary to speak of the enormous debt of honor that impelled Mr. Clemens to undertake the most extended lecture tour of the age at a time of life when most writers are thinking only of rest from their labor. It is a pity, however, that the complete story of that remarkable journey—of the strange and distant lands visited, of the enormous audiences that assembled everywhere to see this representative American writer, of the rapidity with which the debt was wiped out—cannot be told in full as a valuable lesson to the rising generation. There is one fact in connection with it, however, that must have impressed itself upon those who have either heard Mr. Clemens talk about it or read the printed interviews on the day following his arrival, and that is his keen sense of the dignity of humor.

I wish that every actor, as well as every humorist, could be made to study the way in which this distinctive American,

"After having travelled and seen and studied as much as I have during the past five years, and especially after having been received with such great consideration wherever I have been," said Mr. Clemens thoughtfully, "it would ill become me at the moment of my return to speak lightly or in a merely humorous vein of my journey." And that remark is thoroughly characteristic of the man.

He was lecturing in Australasia at the time of President Cleveland's Venezuela letter, but not even the feeling engendered by that document could interfere with the cordiality of his reception or the success of his entertainments. At Pretoria he saw President Kruger and also paid a visit to the Jameson Raiders, who were there in prison and whom he endeavored to cheer by telling them of the various great works, such as "Don Quixote" and "Pilgrim's Progress," which never would have been written had not their authors been put in jail. But somehow, according to Mr. Clemens, his words did not seem to have a very cheering effect on that fortunate prison. The pleasantest city that he found in Europe was Vienna, where he remained from July, 1897, to May, 1899. There he made one or two speeches that have since become world-famous, and met a great many of the principal citizens, including among others the Emperor of Austria.

His present plans are not yet decided upon, but it is probable that he will spend the winter in New York, where he has hosts of friends and where he is certain to become a notable figure in the social and literary life of the town. In the spring he may return to his old home in Hartford, there to devote himself to the literary work that he has in hand.

Paradoxical as it may seem, it is the subordination of the humorous element to the serious side of his character that has made Mark Twain's work perhaps the greatest of its kind in this country. It is because of this serious vein of thought that he is bound to outlive men who have been mere fun-makers or jugglers of words.

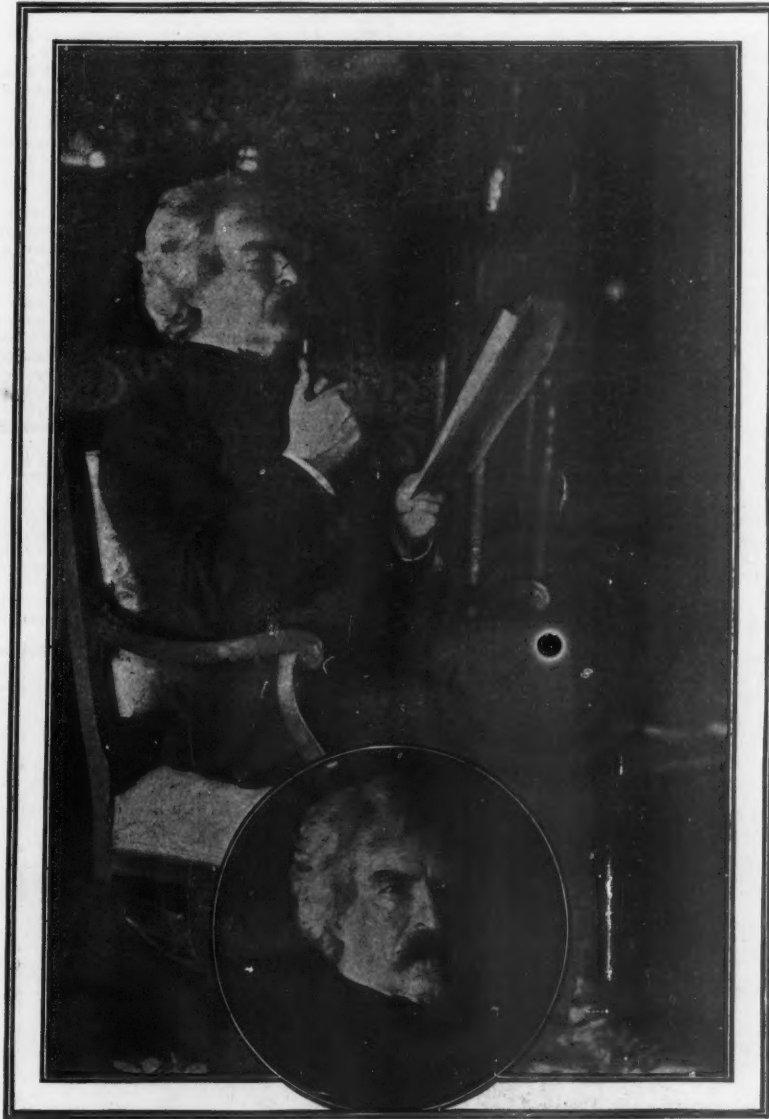
I shall never forget that it was he who first taught me the important lesson that bad little boys do not always come to grief in the end, and particularly cheering that lesson was to me at the time that I learned it. Some of the good little boys who read the "Jumping Frog" at the same time that I did, have not acquitted themselves as well as their teachers predicted that they would, and personal modesty prevents any reference to what has since happened to some of the others. It was that same quality of truth and seriousness that gave a real value to "The Innocents Abroad," which, apart from its delightful humor, is one of the very best books of European travel that I have ever read.

The author of that book—the Clemens of a third of a century ago—was a man well schooled in the life of the Mississippi River and the crude civilization of Western mining towns. He was a man who absorbed knowledge naturally and easily, as, fortunately for him, his pores had not been clogged by a four years' course of classical education. He had been thinking for a long while before he began to write, and when he took up his pen he set about his work with a seriousness of purpose that was akin to the seriousness of his face, and that solemn manner of delivery which we expect in our humorists, and which at the present day is a puzzle to a good part of the British public.

Artemus Ward was the first man who ever dared to say funny things in London with a serious cast of countenance, and it is largely due to his influence, and in later years to that of Mark Twain, that our national humor has obtained the extraordinary hold that it now has on the English reading public of the world.

The Mark Twain of to-day is the Mississippi pilot of "Jumping Frog" fame, mellowed by forty years of the sort of education that only contact with the very best side of the world can give. He has the same drawl, the same bushy hair, the same serious face, clear eyes and ruddy skin. His education has been of the kind that sinks deep and leaves externals almost unchanged. Few men of his day have enjoyed better opportunities than he for seeing life under many and varied conditions, and knowing the distinguished men and women of his own and other countries. What he found to do during the ten months that he spent in England, or the twenty that he passed in Vienna, he did not tell me; but that the world will be the gainer for his work and study during that period of time, I have no manner of doubt.

The marvel to me is that a man can remain so many years abroad and return so little changed as to externals, and with not a perceptible trace of foreign manner or accent. I suppose it is because his personality—which is strongly American—permeates him through and through, and is not a mere outward veneer to be removed when the fashion changes.

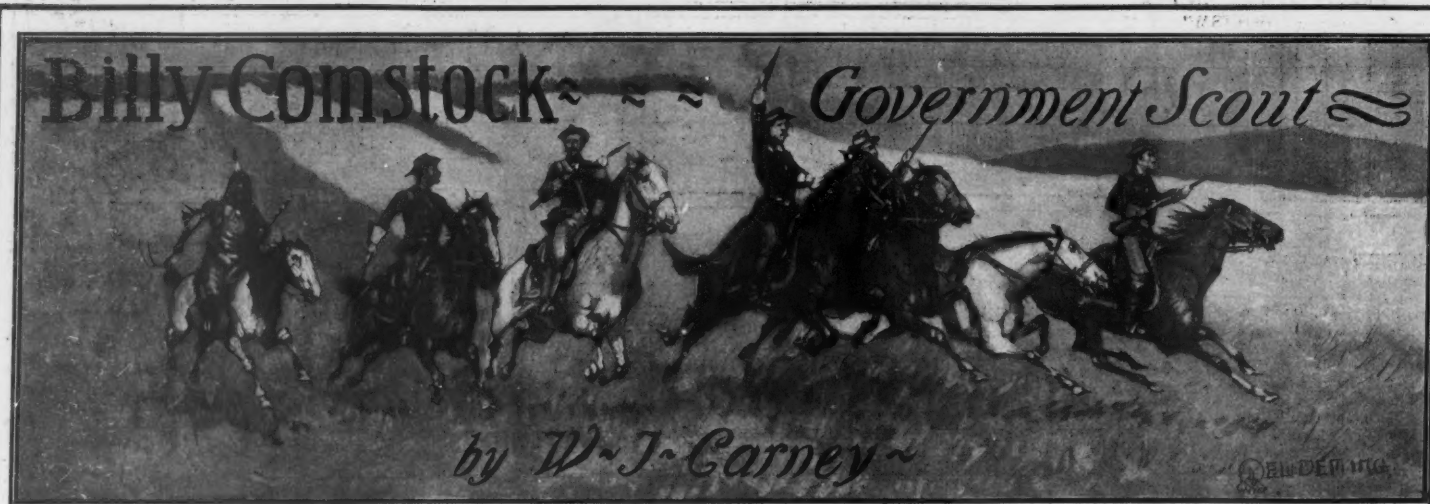


"MARK TWAIN" (SAMUEL L. CLEMENS)

HIS LATEST PICTURE, TAKEN BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER, JAMES H. HARE, AT A SPECIAL SITTING

on his return to his native land, rises to the dignity of the occasion and discusses the countries that he has visited and the remarkable personages whom he has met with a seriousness that the subject demands. Nothing is easier for a comedian than to "clown" a part for the purpose of "getting a laugh." But there is only one way in which a comedian can win enduring popularity and renown, and that is by knowing when to resist the temptation to be funny. It is a pitifully small achievement to make the unthinking laugh. The comedian can do it by falling down on the stage and making a face, and the travelled humorist can always prod guffaws out of fools of a certain class by calling the Queen of England "Mrs. Guelph," and alluding to the Emperor of Germany as "Bill."

In this school of literary humor, the counterpart of that to which the comic stage policeman, with his red whiskers and stuffed club, belongs, the average oyster opener can be taught to excel in a few easy lessons. But it is only a great humorist with the proper respect for his profession who can be serious and respectful and dignified when he knows that a great part of his audience is hoping and expecting that he will be funny at the expense of what he has seen and learned in foreign lands.



DRAWINGS BY E. W. DEMING



IT WAS ON A BEAUTIFUL DAY in August, 1866, at Fort Wallace, Kansas, that I first saw Billy Comstock. I had often heard of him, his wonderful marksmanship, and what a great Indian scout and fighter he was. I was then a young man, only eighteen years old, still I had served through the last year of the War of the Rebellion as a member of the Fourteenth New Jersey Infantry. I had read a great deal about the plains and about Indian fighters; so it was no wonder

I was so anxious to see a real, live, dyed-in-the-wool Indian scout like Billy Comstock. My first meeting with him made an impression on my mind not soon to be forgotten. In company with three hundred other recruits for the Second Cavalry, I left Fort Leavenworth the spring of 1866. We were sent in small squads to the different troops of that famous old regiment which was scattered all over the plains; I, with about forty others, being sent to Troop M. This troop was camped at Pond Creek, Kansas, about twelve miles from the Colorado line.

There never was a time that the Indians were worse than during the War of the Rebellion and the year after its close; still the government found it impossible to furnish the three hundred recruits with arms, and we crossed the great, blistering American desert, fully at the mercy of the hostiles. With my party when it became detached from the others there were only five men with guns, this was an escort from Troop I of

our regiment under command of Corporal Dunn. However, there might have been a few guns among the government mule-whackers, for ten wagons went with us.

The second day after leaving Fort Hayes we came to a creek where there were some small cottonwood trees growing. Here each man cut a stick about the length of a gun and carried it on his shoulder as if it was one. When the Indians would loom up on the bluffs I used to think to myself, "If you only knew how defenceless we really are how easy it would be for you to get us." Remember, we marched over five hundred miles this way, on foot, through a country where the Indians were so bold that they used to send into the forts and demand food or fight, and this right after the disbanding of the great army that had put down the rebellion; when there must have been hundreds of thousands of arms stacked away somewhere. What if those three hundred men had been set upon by the Indians and all killed without firing a shot in their defence? To whom did the blame of sending this batch of men across the plains in this defenceless condition belong? One thing, and only one thing, saved us—the Indians did not know of it.

The evening of the 3d of July our party camped on the bluffs overlooking the old stage station. Here the veterans of Troop M had pitched their camp to await our coming. We were so overjoyed at being at our journey's end that we did not sleep the whole night, but sang songs and told stories; when morning dawned we slicked up and marched into the camp at Pond Creek. The place was under command of Lieutenant Bates, now General Alfred Bates, of Spanish war fame.

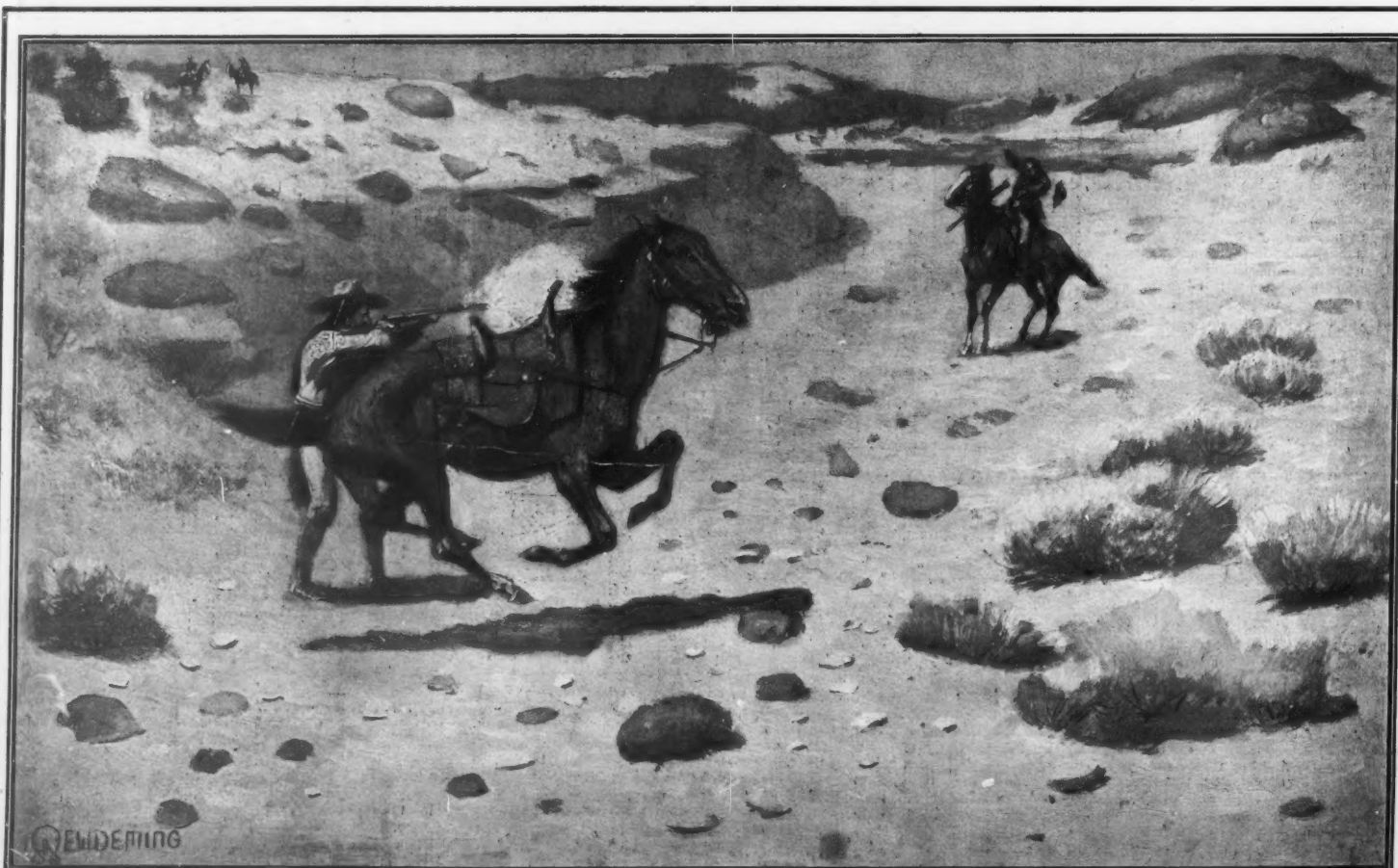
There was a company of infantry at the camp that was

composed of ex-Confederate soldiers that had been taken prisoners, and, to escape prison, had enlisted in the Union Army. Such men were made into regiments by themselves, and there was one company of them at Pond Creek. They were called "Galvanized Yanks," and many is the fight I saw between them and our men on that account.

It was now understood that we were to move three miles southeast and go to work at once building a fort to be known as Fort Wallace. We were to be the frontier post of the Smoky Hill department. Every day we were on the lookout for a government scout. Just who that scout was to be was not yet decided. It was at a time when our guards were doubled, and nearly every man in the fort had to turn out and accompany the water wagon down to Rose Creek.

One morning I was sent with a message to the sergeant in charge of the men at work in the quarry three miles below the fort. I was riding at a hard gallop, when, on looking up, I discovered a horseman to my right. He was walking his pony and looking very intently at the ground. I did not know whether to regard him as friend or enemy. I had never seen such a man before. He now looked in my direction and raised his hand for me to halt; he then spoke, telling me to dismount and come to him. Leading my horse, this I did. He then told me to remain on the ground and to hold his horse, as well as my own, and added, "I will try for an antelope." He pulled something out of his saddle-bags and started in the direction of a bunch of five or six antelope that were cropping the grass about five hundred yards away.

I did not see the man for some time and began to get uneasy, when I noticed a stir among the antelope. All but two scampered off across the prairie; one of the remaining two



HIS GUN FLEW OUT OF HIS HANDS AND HE FELL BACK, SHOT THROUGH THE BRAIN

BILLY COMSTOCK—GOVERNMENT SCOUT

stood straight up on its hind legs and the other lay down. The one standing turned out to be my horseman disguised as an antelope. He had crawled in among them until close enough to kill one with an arrow. I now rode to him, and together we brought the antelope into the fort—after delivering my message to the quarry.

On the way in he asked me if there were any government scouts at the fort. I said there were not. The man was Billy Comstock. He was a person whose nationality would be hard to tell. He, himself, did not know whether he was a Mexican or not; or, for that matter, where he sprung from; but he looked as if he might be half Spanish, or old Mexican, and half Indian. Some said he was part man, half tiger, and the rest snake. This was said by men who did not like him; and behind his back. Billy Comstock had no other title except the one the Indians gave him of "Medicine Bill"; and he won that honestly. One day a young Sioux squaw, while trying to catch a rattlesnake, got bit on the finger. Bill, who was standing close by, without a moment's hesitation, grabbed the wounded finger and bit it off, slick and clean. From this time he was called Medicine Bill.

Bill Comstock stood five feet eight inches, and would weigh one hundred and ten pounds. His hair was as black as a coal and hung down to his hips. I never have seen even a woman with so small a waist as he had. He toed in like an Indian. He wore moccasins; a big, wide-brimmed, cork sombrero; and had on a short buckskin jacket and a pair of leggings of the same; inside the leggings were blue pantaloons. Around his waist was a belt of rawhide, holding a heavy knife and a pair of beautiful ivory-handled Colt's revolvers. Across his saddle was a sixteen-shot Henry rifle.

This was my first meeting with Billy Comstock, one of the bravest men, I think, I ever saw; a dead shot, one of the finest horsemen—and a man. To know him was to like him. He was as simple as a little child in regard to anything connected with civilization; never had been east of the Missouri River, had never seen a steamboat or railroad—in fact, knew nothing about such things except to hear of them. I became his admirer at once. Nothing used to delight me so much as to go down to the little camp he set up below the corral for himself and family, which consisted of his sorrel pony Billy, his little Mexican mule Puss, two prairie dogs, a pet coon, and a young antelope. His pony and mule were trained to do everything but talk; he would speak to one of them as if speaking to me, and they would obey him. I spent all of my spare time at his tent.

One day while I was there Comstock stepped outside and called the mule by name to come up from the creek where she was grazing. She looked up at him, then went on eating. This seemed to anger Comstock. He stepped to the gate of the corral, opened it, and told Billy, the pony, to go and bring the mule. The pony started off at a gallop, and the mule made a bee-line for home. Comstock stood cheering both of them, and when the mule got inside the corral without being nipped by Billy's teeth, Comstock went up to her, patted her nose and petted her, at the same time making fun of the pony, who showed his chagrin as plain as a boy.

There was to be a gathering of scouts at the fort, and as Comstock was to be chief scout of the whole department he was to be consulted in the selecting of them. This some of the scouts resented, and many of them were jealous to think they did not get this place themselves. One of these was a half-breed by the name of Sam Sharpe. He was half Canadian-French and half Indian. This fellow never let an opportunity pass to show his ill-feeling toward the chief, but he did it in a mean, underhanded manner so as to avoid the result of what might happen if Billy caught him at it. A riding school was set up for the cavalry, and at one side of it Comstock set up two poles with a crossbar on top. To this hung a ring two inches in diameter. Billy would ride at this on the dead run, and from any position on his pony stick his lance through the ring. Without dismounting, Comstock could light his pipe with a red-hot coal from the camp-fire, shoot on the run from under his horse's belly and from under the neck; in short, he seemed to be a part of the horse. Some of the young scouts took an active part in this sport, but Sharpe and one other did not. Comstock did not consider this as a drill for the men who were looking for billets as government scouts, but as a pastime; besides, it was a pretty good way to get a line on an applicant's horsemanship.

The other man who sneered at the chief's tricks was a fellow named Grimes. It seems he did not take so much pains to deceive Bill as did Sharpe, and soon it was well known that ill-feeling existed between the two men.

Among Comstock's accomplishments was that of playing poker. The scouts were not to be employed until the different expeditions were organized, so there was not much to do just at this time. Now, it was supposed that if Comstock was got out of the way either Sharpe or Grimes would be the chief. Among those men wages were considered as well as by other people, and seeing that one hundred and fifty dollars a month was the pay of the chief and one hundred that of the others, there was gain as well as honor in getting Comstock's position. There were stories of big games up in the old camp on Pond Creek.

One night Billy walked up to our tents and had a talk with a friend of mine in the troop named Garrick. After he left, Garrick came to me and asked how I would like to go with Comstock and him up to the old stage ranch. Of course I was ready to go. After retreat we got excused from roll-call at tattoo and the three of us rode out of the fort at sundown. When we got near the ranch Comstock halted and, dismounting, handed each of us a pair of fine six-shooters. He had been telling me that he had seen all along that Sharpe and Grimes were not friendly to him, but that Grimes was more open in showing it. He then asked us to see that he was not jumped by both of them at once if trouble came, which he expected.

We separated as we neared the ranch, and myself and Garrick went over to the old pond and took a bath, though it was nearly dark. We then rode over to the stage ranch and were invited to get off and come in. The poker game was in full blast. Grimes, Sharpe, Comstock and the stock-tender were seated at the table. As we entered we got an inquiring as well as an unfriendly look from Grimes and Sharpe. They belonged, as we learned later, to the "Galvanized Yanks."

The game lasted long into the night without anything unusual happening. Along about midnight Grimes and Comstock got good hands and began to bet heavily. Sharpe withdrew, as did the rancher. I think Grimes made the first big bet, then Bill raised him, and the money began to pile up in the middle of the table. Grimes made another big bet, and as Bill began to look his cards over and did not call, Grimes made some sneering remark that he should think that Bill would not be afraid after he had brought along a body-guard. Before Bill made any answer Sharpe laughed about the body-guard. Bill said then, as he laid his cards face down on the table, "What did you say, gentlemen, that I brought a body-guard? Do you think there is a spot in the world that I would be afraid to go to with either of you two?"

By this time Garrick, who was very quick-tempered, was requested by Bill to keep cool. Grimes said, "Well, Bill, you seem to be a little rattled. Didn't you bring these two men with you?"

"Yes, I did," said Bill, "but not because I feared you or your friends alone; but I don't propose to sit down and be shot by one while looking at the other. Now, first, we will settle this bet—so I call you."

Grimes had four sixes and Bill had a full hand on kings, so Bill lost the bet. As Comstock pushed the money toward Grimes he got up from the table, saying, "Now, both of you men have been dogging me from place to place. You are afraid to meet me in the open. Now you must tell me what you want—and why do you follow me when I ride out of camp alone?"

First Grimes put the money in a belt he wore around his waist. Then, looking Bill in the eye, said, "When you say I follow you, you lie. You cursed nigger, I used to whip such as you before the war."

Bill reached across the table and gave Grimes a sharp slap in the face; the next instant drawing both revolvers. Grimes was ready to explode with rage. "You must fight me," he said. This Bill readily agreed to do; so it was decided that they should toss up an old copper cent to see who should have the choice of weapons and manner of fighting. Sharpe acted for Grimes and I acted for Bill. We won, and it was decided that the fight should take place in daylight, the next afternoon; that both men should be at a place named below the fort, with one friend each.

The hour set found all on the ground. The manner of fighting was then made known. Each man was to have a rifle and one revolver. They were placed five hundred yards apart, facing each other. Then the seconds were to ride out to a bluff some little distance, where they would fire a shot as the signal. Anything was to be fair between the two duellists after that.

Bill rode up to me and whispered, "Now, Billy, my boy, when you give the signal for the fun to begin, don't you mind looking at me; you look at this coyote here. He will need a heap more watching than I will, and if he makes a move to leave you or makes an attempt to shoot you, let drive at him."

The two men now rode apart and took their places and the signal was given. Billy rode right at Grimes at a gallop. Grimes sat still on his horse. I wanted to watch the fight, but remembered the last words of the chief and kept my eyes on Sharpe; I still saw Comstock's pony going like a streak toward his man. Then I heard a shot, and Sharpe waved his hat and cheered.

I looked toward the combatants and saw that Bill was down and Grimes had his rifle to his shoulder again, but at that moment his gun flew out of his hands and he fell back shot through the brain.

Billy's pony ran around in a circle, then stopped near his master, who mounted and rode over to us, saying with a laugh, "I guess Grimes learned a trick that time, but as he died learning it, it will be of no account to him."

We now rode to where the man lay. He was stone dead. Comstock had played an old trick of his, which was to watch his opponent and about the time he would deliver his fire, drop to the ground or throw himself along the side of his pony, and either fire from that position or from the ground. He was pretty sure of fetching his man.

He now remarked to Sharpe, "Are you satisfied or do you want to settle our trouble in the same way?"

Sharpe seemed to be surprised at Billy's thinking he had any grudge for him, and offered his hand in friendship, which the simple-minded scout took and shook heartily; for it was his desire to be on friendly terms with everybody. He seemed so sad at the death of Grimes, but as he rode toward the fort he talked about the matter, and as we agreed with him that one or the other must die, he did not blame himself any. He then swore never to play cards again. If he had only known, the cards had nothing to do with it; for if it was not through them it would be something else, because there was a plot to get him into a row and kill him.

Many a time I regretted afterward that the little chief did not compel Sharpe to leave the fort and all idea of being a scout in that department by refusing to consider his name; but Comstock had none of the treachery in his make-up that Sharpe had, so did not look for it in others.

When the news got about in the fort it caused a good deal of talk; but all were well pleased at the outcome, and all the inquiry that was made into the affair was by the post commander, who at that time was Major Gordon. Lieutenant

Bates had been transferred to the pay department. The Major called Garrick and myself and asked us about the trouble that led up to the duel. That ended the matter for the time being. Our troop soon after this was ordered to cross the country to Fort Sedgwick, Colorado. Billy accompanied us for a short distance, then bid the boys good-by. My last talk with him was regarding Sam Sharpe. I was young and had little experience with such men as Sharpe, but there was something about him I did not like. During the time I had been acquainted with Comstock I had become very much attached to him, and he had given me some good pointers about frontier life. I am sure I warned him against trusting Sharpe. For the next two years there was real trouble enough without the need of making any. The Forsyth Scouts were at Fort Wallace for a time. Comstock still held the office of chief of scouts, though there seemed to be a hundred and one complaints coming in against him every little while; but he was so far ahead of the men who were forever trying to oust him that they failed. Sharpe was now assistant chief of scouts, and to all appearance was satisfied with his life at the fort. The fort had now become large and of considerable importance.

It was the summer of 1868. There had been a report of Indians being seen by one of the guards early one morning. Billy was sent for and told to look the matter up and report if there were many Indians. He was then at the head of some ten or fifteen scouts. These men had to go and come at his command. If a party was leaving the fort and needed a guide, Comstock would send the man he thought best suited for that particular expedition. When he heard of the Indians being seen most of his scouts were out on different trips, and there was only himself, Sam Sharpe and a fellow named Jim Mooney at the fort. Bill told Sharpe to get ready and come with him and they would take a ride around the fort and see what there was to be seen. Mooney asked to go with them, but Bill refused on the ground that he must take a despatch to Big Timber, where a detachment of my troop was then in camp. We were then awaiting orders from the department commander whether to follow on to Denver in pursuit of the horse thieves we were after or come on to Fort Wallace.

If Comstock had known who the men were that were at Big Timber he probably would have been the bearer of the papers himself. So Comstock and Sharpe started out in the direction of the Republican River. Two days after this Sharpe arrived at the fort with a bullet hole in his left arm, and a big story how he and Billy had been set upon by a large party of Indians; that Billy had been killed, and he had escaped by the merest chance. He seemed very much cast down by the death of the chief.

Our party had been ordered to come to Fort Wallace, rest our horses, draw rations and cut across country to Fort Sedgwick, where we belonged. We were camped down near the creek, but a party headed by Jim Mooney had already started out to find the body of the dead scout and bring it to the fort. This Sharpe knew nothing of. He was supposed to be in the hospital with his wounded arm. He reported the Indians as having attacked Comstock and himself at a place called Stinking Water about thirty miles from the fort. Instead of going to this place direct, Mooney bore off to the south and struck Prairie Dog Creek. This was only seventeen miles out, and he soon came to the trail made by the two ponies. They followed this up, and soon came on the body of Billy Comstock. He lay on his face, just as he fell. He was not even molested by the wolves. He was shot in the back of the head.

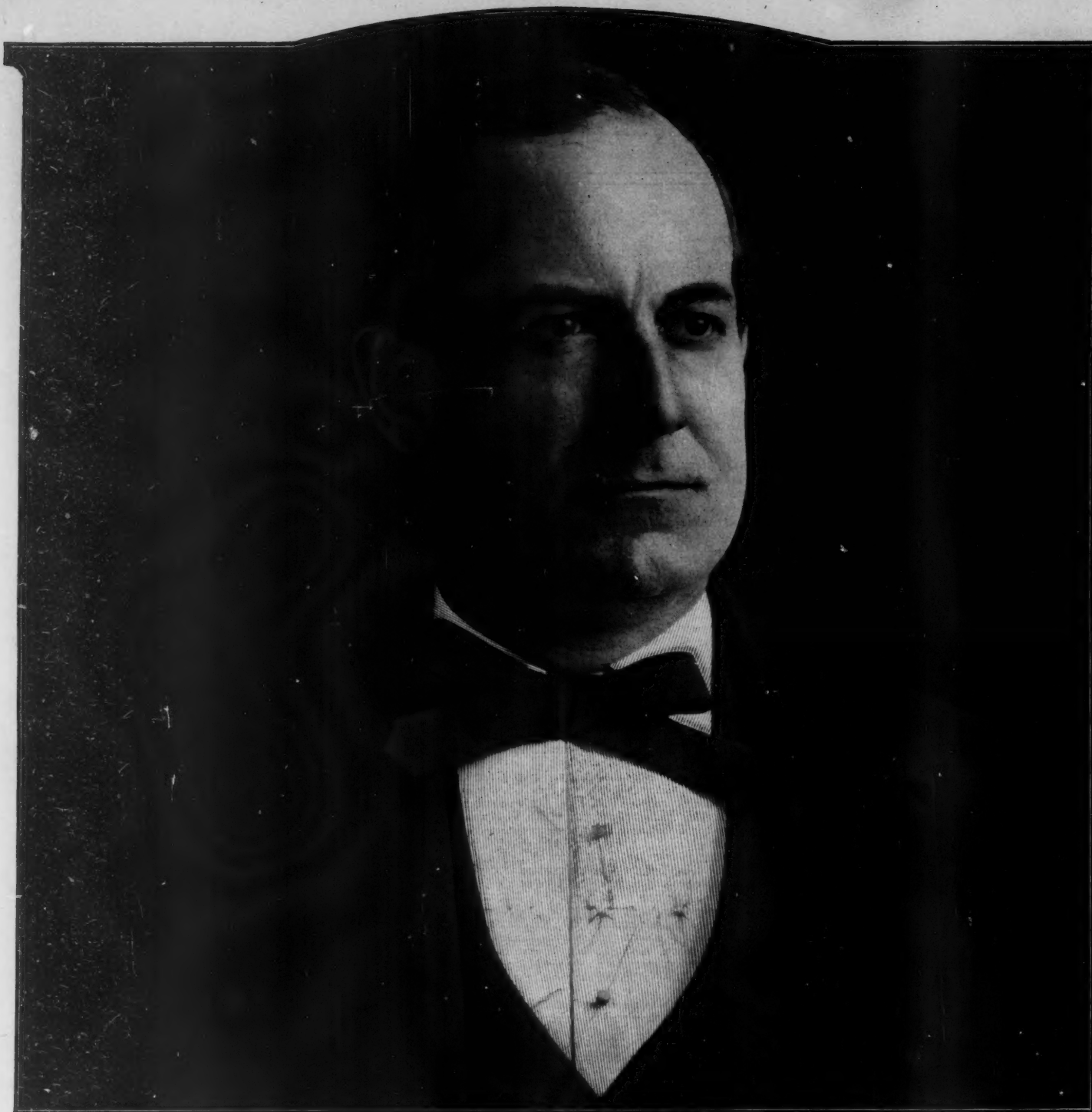
Now the men searched for what Mooney was pretty sure he would not find—an Indian track. There was none. Bill had his scalp on; if killed by the Indians they would have scalped him. They would sooner get Bill's scalp than that of any man on the plains; for in his fights with them he would taunt them with being cowards and squaws; so that the brave who got Medicine Bill's black scalp would be a big *lajun* sure. Now of course there was only one conclusion. The party brought in the dead scout, and he was taken to the dead-house. Mooney went up to the post doctor and asked if he had attended Sharpe's wound on the arm. The doctor said he had not even seen it.

Mooney found out that at that moment Sharpe was over in the post sutler's store. He invited three or four of the party that had found Comstock and they went with him. Sharpe was there, telling a big story. Mooney walked right up to him and asked to see the wound on his arm; at the same time began stripping back the sleeve of Sharpe's shirt and jacket. The arm was sore and much inflamed, but there were also the powder marks in the flesh. Mooney looked around at those in the store, saying, "What do you think of this, men?" He then let go of Sharpe's arm, and looking him in the eyes, said, "We have found Comstock." Sharpe stared at him—when, quick as a flash, Jim caught Sharpe by the long hair and, putting a six-shooter to his face, put all six bullets into it. Of course, the first shot killed him, but Mooney held him up until the last bullet went crashing through his head and into the canned goods behind the counter. Then he let the body drop, and, looking around, said, "There, boys, is the dirty dog that murdered our little chief. If there is any one here that takes his part now is their time—and I am their man." There were two regular army officers in the store besides the three scouts and four private soldiers. All seemed to think Mooney did right.

He walked to headquarters and reported what he found in looking for Comstock's body and what he did to Sharpe. There was a kind of an investigation that did not amount to anything. Comstock was buried with all the honors of war. A monument stands now at his grave to mark the spot where sleeps one of the best government scouts of his time. Sharpe's resting-place is unmarked.

THE END

EDITOR'S NOTE—"BILLY COMSTOCK—GOVERNMENT SCOUT" IS THE FIRST OF AN ILLUSTRATED SERIES OF THRILLING WESTERN STORIES, EACH COMPLETE IN ITSELF, BY W. J. CARNEY, AUTHOR OF "WITH TROOPS ON THE FRONTIER," "A TRAGEDY OF FRONTIER FORT LIFE," ETC., DEALING WITH REAL CHARACTERS IN SAVAGE WARFARE. THE STORIES ARE FULL OF THRILLING ADVENTURES AND INTERESTING PERSONAL EXPERIENCES AND PRESENT THE MOST AUTHENTIC DESCRIPTIONS OF WESTERN FRONTIER LIFE DURING OUR SANGUINARY INDIAN WARS EVER PUBLISHED.



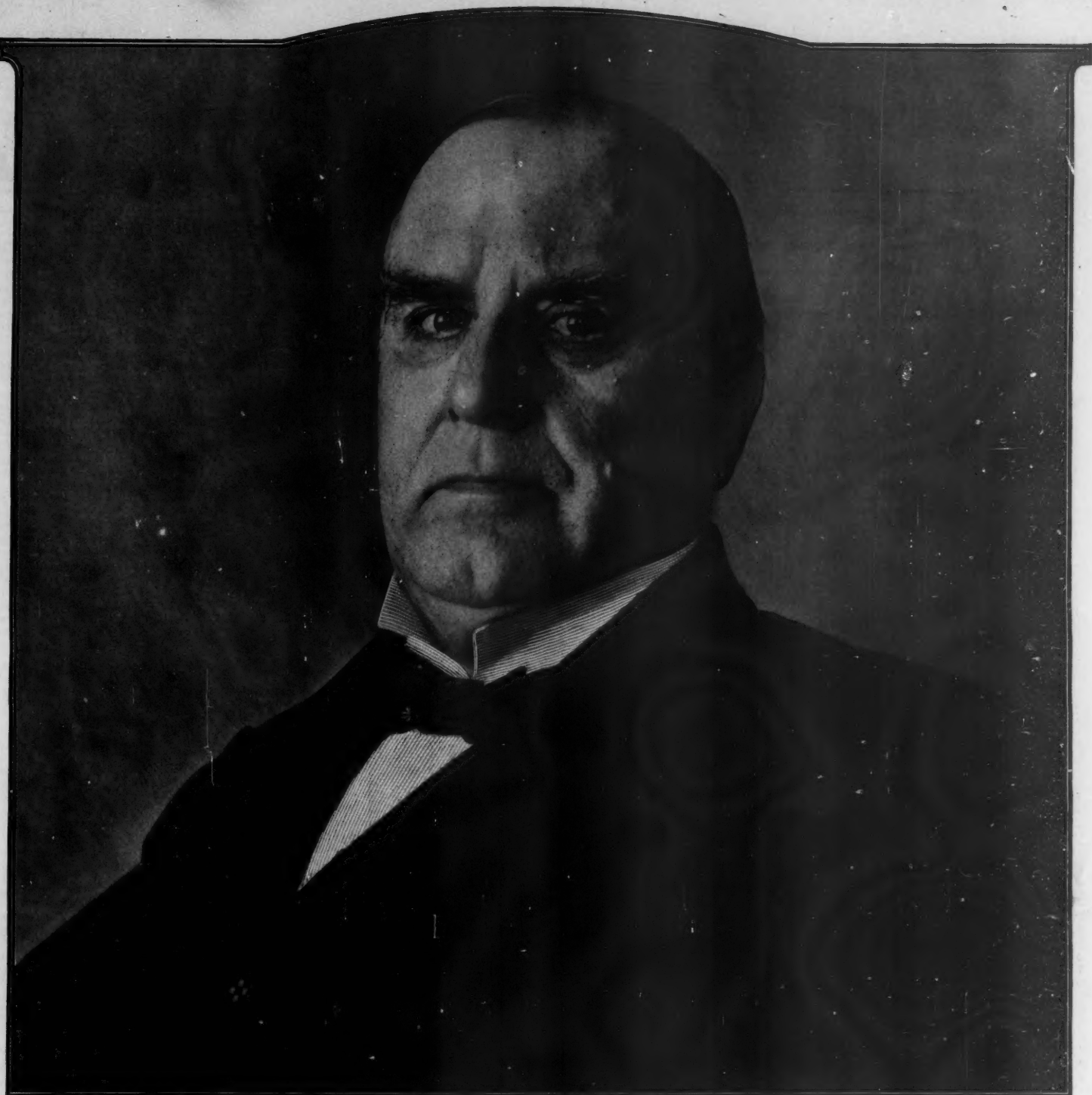
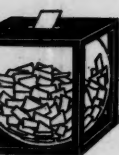
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WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN
DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES



"IN THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY"—THE RECEPTION OF MR. BRYAN AT THE GRAND CENTRAL ST.

THE PRESIDENTIAL



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WILLIAM McKINLEY

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES



CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK, DURING HIS RECENT SPEECHMAKING TOUR OF THE EAST

TIAL CANDIDATES



THE BRITISH ELECTIONS

THE ELECTORAL results being assured, Conservatism is enraptured. The only reason that Lord Salisbury appealed to the country, it is widely felt and maintained, was to secure from it a national vote of confidence. This he has undoubtedly done. Nor can it be said that Liberals, Radicals, pro-Boers, or any members of an antagonistic class, ought to feel the slightest disappointment or surprise. When, after a victory, has the party that urged war and successfully carried it through, failed, for at least a time, to receive popular indorsement at the polls? A current of emotional sympathy sweeps it along for a time, and whatever changes afterward occur are born of those prosaic dissatisfactions which concern augmented cost of living through taxes levied by a drained treasury. No less an authority than Bismarck once called the people a baby; but while the whims of babies are not seriously to be reckoned with, a people's caprices have their logical if eccentric motives. One fact is certain: the success of the Ministerialists, if decisive, has not proved overwhelming. The Salisbury Administration is safe—for the present. Still, England is full of clamorous discontent. The Unionists have gained thus far, it is true, twenty-three seats, but then the Radicals, it must be remembered, have gained seventeen.

CAMPAIGN SPEECHES

Interesting in marked degree have been many of the campaign speeches. Mr. John Morley, true to his past principles, not long ago declared: "A Ministerial majority now means a new era of vaporing sentiment, wildcat language and quack devices economic and fiscal. In many respects this is the most hollow election since 1865. The issue has been clouded; the facts have been easy to misrepresent." . . . In the numberless harangues before different constituencies, however, one finds, whether factitious or authentic, much burning earnestness. True, there were boyish outputs in the utterances of Mr. Winston Churchill, who has been returned for Oldham. But then jingoism from the son of Lord Randolph Churchill is to be expected, and the age of twenty-six is not one hedged about with any noteworthy experience.

A HOT POLITICAL FIGHT

Intensity of *pros* and *cons* may be cited galore. Mr. Balfour's tongue is a sharp Tory one when he chooses to loosen it, and he has neglected few chances. One of his most hostile flings assailed the Liberal leader. This gentleman, he said (transgressing the bound between irony and abuse), was so accustomed to sit on the fence that a position which to most folk might seem uncomfortable had now got all the attraction which long habit could confer. . . . Mr. Balfour's antipodes, Mr. John Burns, who has been warmly re-welcomed as member for Battersea, predicted that the next Parliament would last only eighteen months, for the reason that when the bill of war costs came in, and when the war-worn soldiers returned to tell their doleful tales, the government would collapse. . . . As for the London newspapers, all, with the exception of but two or three, went over to the most pronounced approval of the war when it first broke out. But the Opposition sheets are now resuming their old Whig trends.

WAR SCANDALS

Already certain mutters and murmurs of discontent are loudening through the land. More journals than the one to which I have just referred will insist on having their say—and their bitterly acrimonious say, at that—concerning commissariat and transport. Here they claim disgraceful mismanagement to have been shown. The number of soldiers killed by bullet and shrapnel and lyddite, we hear, has been small compared with that of the victims whom disease has levelled. These results always attend war, but then they are very often unavoidable. Countless voices are now crying out, however, that in this conflict they could have been prevented. A war correspondent with no political bias, no axe to grind, writes thus: "There are hundreds of men lying in unmarked graves to-day who ought to be alive and well; others who have been done to death by the crass ignorance, the appalling stupidity, the damnable conceit which will brook no teaching." Again: "They were done to death by wanton carelessness on the part of men sent out by the British War Office. They were done to death through criminal neglect of the most simple laws of sanitation. Had proper care been taken in regard to these matters, four-fifths of those who now fill fever graves in South Africa would be with us, hale and hearty men to-day."

DISTURBING THE ENTENTE CORDIALE

It is the fashion, of course, for England to praise, just now, everything American. To those who have not forgotten a very different mode of deportment, this benignant posture brings diverting reflections. But not always even now does the Briton beam benevolence upon us Yankees. Mr. F. H. Stoddard has been writing about "An American View of the English Novel," and receives, in consequence, some of that lofty lecturing which the old "Saturday Review" and other like publications used to ship us bales of by every steamer. Witness the following, from a journal of position, which evidently no sanctity of the interblended Star-Spangled Banner and Union Jack can swerve from the performance of its high and hallowed duty: "The literary judgments of the American lecture-room are generally either obviously derivative or flatulently callow; and the mere journeyman-work of criticism—the reviewing and literary commentary of the journals—is, even in the most pretentious quarters, considerably inferior to the same class of works in this country. There is a lack of standard and proportion in current American criticism which has been shown very conspicuously during the last few years in the enthusiastic reception of several books of distinctly secondary qualities, which have been praised in New York as 'masterpieces,' to the no slight entertainment of the calmer criticism of London." "Prithee do not hack me as you did my Lord Russe," said Monmouth piteously to his headsmen in the Tower. Here is a "hacker."

EDGAR FAWCETT.



PARIS SYMPATHIZES WITH THE BOERS

THE WIDE EXTENSION and the intensity of popular sympathy with the Boers is curiously illustrated, these closing days of the Exposition, at the Transvaal pavilion. For six months the world has been passing through the place, and it has felt obliged to leave a card, so to speak, upon Krüger and his little people. All day long a stream of visitors defile through the pavilion to sign their names in the great books kept for the purpose: they make a polyglot library now, these heavy tomes freighted with the sympathy of every nation and with extremely energetic inscriptions directed against the English. Many wreaths are deposited by the bust of Oom Paul; among them, not infrequently, several with ribbons in the American colors, and the signatures of club secretaries and private individuals in the United States. But it is not only in these conventional ways that is expressed the popular sympathy with the Boers. All over the white walls of the main hall, on the pillars, even on the ceiling, are scrawled and drawn all sorts of tokens of the popular feeling.

Here are a few of the least offensive phrases culled at hazard from the bescribbled walls: "The British Empire and the English, revivers of White Slavery"; "To the English: Hungry for gold, thirsty for blood." Some historian has dug up a cry of Napoleon from his prison at St. Helena: "After conquering all the nations, I have become the prisoner of the most cowardly." A political philosopher insinuates a moral: "Honor to the Boers who give to France and Europe the example of standing up against Albion." An Englishman, greatly daring, has written, "Vivent Les Anglais"; and Gavroche, or another, has retorted: "Tu en as, du toupet toi!"—which, being translated, is: "Gah! you've got a cheek, you have."

THE REVOLT OF THE HOTEL-KEEPERS

Numerous Americans, in common with recent visitors to Paris from all over the world, will utter a hearty "more power" to the firm of "Loubet, Waldeck-Rousseau & Co." in the trial with which it is menaced by the Associated Hotel-keepers of the city. You cannot indict a nation, it was said on a famous occasion. But mine hosts of Paris are at the present moment doing a sturdy best to indict the French government *en bloc* on the curious charge of having carried on the hotel business during the Exposition without a license. The plain facts are that the respectable brigands who run the big hotels of Paris made such a dead set on the pockets of visitors that unless a man owned a gold mine or was trustee of a widows' and orphans' fund it was almost impossible for him to get decent accommodation in the Exposition city. Hundreds of official visitors—local authorities and delegates to congresses, scientific and humanitarian, for example—would never have been able to come to Paris if they had been left to the tender mercies of the Bonifaces. Their presence was absolutely necessary to the complete success of the Exposition, and the State heroically broke the law in order to secure them. They were installed in vacant Lycées, public schools and other official premises. No charge was made for dormitory accommodation, but the guests paid for their café au lait in the morning, and, amusing detail, had to tip the janitor with ten cents whenever they came home after midnight. By the fact that this money passed to the State, the government became technically guilty of running unlicensed hotels.

PATERNALISM AND FRENCH LAW

Some one has said that France is the country, par excellence, of grandmotherly legislation. And it is true that here the State and the municipality go to extraordinary lengths to save the citizen from the trouble of looking after his own interests and affairs. The other day, for example, the Paris municipality ordained that at every Mairie there should be posted a list of vacant apartments of an annual rent of under eighty dollars, so that the poorer brethren might no longer have to hunt up their rooms by the painful process of footing it through the streets till the notice "logement à louer" should meet their eye. Every arrondissement has long had a free employment agency where workers and employers meet without the aid of rapacious intermediaries. The admirable schools and popular universities where every language, science and art may be learned free; the countless prizes offered for shining examples of domestic virtue; the dowries annually accorded, by competitive examination of qualification, to young girls who marry honest workmen—these and a score of similar institutions are tokens of the same protecting motherly spirit. They are all part and product of the general centralizing idea preeminently characteristic of the country—its salvation and strength, according to some; its grave danger, according to others. Paul Adam, youngest of modern "Professors of Things in General," puts it epigrammatically thus: "They do everything for us individually in France: that is why we cannot as a people do anything for ourselves in the world."

OUTRAGEOUS LEGISLATION

But within the last few days one edict has gone forth upsetting a most ancient piece of grandmotherliness. It was long supposed to be vital to the well-being and honor of the French army that its officers take the advice of Tennyson's farmer, marrying, if not for money, at any rate, "where money is." An officer was not allowed to look lovingly on a maiden unless she had at least twelve hundred francs a year. It was not a vast sum, two hundred and forty dollars; but sometimes it was lacking, and young romance was cruelly nipped in the bud. General André, the Minister of War, responsible for the change, has apparently a tender heart and believes in "bread and cheese and kisses" even for military men. But, probably lest some enemy should accuse him of wishing to sap secretly the prestige of the army, he has added a rider conceived on the good old motherly lines. It is enacted that no officer shall marry until the girl of his choice shall have been officially approved. A discreet brother in arms is to be told off to make inquiries into the lady's characteristics and into her family. There is to be much ransacking of papers and pedigrees. Then "bless you, my children." Thus does France remain France even when she tries her very best to make a step forward.



HOW THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT IS BROUGHT TO A CLOSE—THE LORD MAYOR PROCLAIMING THE DISSOLUTION OF THE HOUSE IN FRONT OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE

PRETTY WOMEN AND "AUTOMOBILISM"

The incoming of the automobile is far from proving the deathblow to the picturesqueness of life and sport that many pessimists forecasted. At the automobile flower fête recently held in the Bois de Boulogne all that Paris has of fashion, grace and beauty turned out in every variety of flower-decked machines to whirl gayly down the broad avenues, my lady the countess smiling, on monseigneur the duke, and neither my lady nor my lord displeased to see rolling past them the new beauty of the stage and the latest danseuse. It was not only that pretty women, exquisitely dressed, and joyous from the novelty and beauty of the fête, guided the chariots down the leafy ways of the Bois, or leaned back with that air of supreme, indolent pride which seems peculiar to the woman scouring along in an automotor machine which some one else controls. There was a real grace in the carriages themselves. The French have brought their keen artistic feeling to bear on the construction of the new vehicles, and one is no longer tortured by the constant uneasy sense of something missing in front of the machine. The horse has reason to be more jealous every day. Not that he will ever entirely disappear. If one has ever handled the ribbons over a light-going pair of graceful nags, full of vim and vanity, then one could not face without a pang at the heart the thought of the exclusive reign of the machine. But the lion will lie down with the lamb. Horse and motor will fraternize. We have but added one more element of pleasure and beauty to life.

AERIAL NAVIGATION IN FRANCE

Popular interest in Paris, and among aeronauts everywhere, has been raised to boiling point by the experiments in aerial navigation made at Saint Cloud by M. Santos Dumont, the young aeronaut who claims to have constructed the first dirigible balloon the world has seen. At first he was generally regarded as simply a courageous crank; he himself and his curious petroleum motor air craft were the bits of all the would-be wits of the town. It became quite a favorite amusement of flâneurs to go out to the aeronautic park at Saint Cloud and smile amusedly at the man on his machine. But M. Dumont has in the end succeeded in impressing the public with the seriousness of his effort and its importance. Apparently M. Dumont has made out a case. He has

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A breakfast food that a baby can handle is a pretty safe proposition for grown people with weak stomachs. Dr. Wm. Hall, 156 State St., Boston, has tried Grape-Nuts food in his own case, as a result of which he says: "I have been relieved from the distressing form of indigestion caused by the non-assimilation of starchy foods, and since making Grape-Nuts a part of my dietary scale, I have had no trouble, and find my power of concentration markedly increased."

"I have frequently prescribed Grape-Nuts food in my practice, with most excellent results. The notes of one case I enclose herewith. July 10th, '99, called to see M—B— two years and three months old; found the child ill-nourished, with waxen skin, enlarged joints, beaded ribs, enlargement of the abdomen, furred tongue, constant vomiting, and diarrhoea; in short, a typical case of rachitis. The child weighed fourteen pounds and was daily losing flesh."

"Inquiring into the dietary, I found oat meal, macaroni, rice, white bread, and milk had formed the chief articles of food, and lately all had been rejected. I at once stopped all other foods and placed her on a diet of Grape-Nuts, which was retained on the stomach from the first."

"On my next visit, July 17, I found the child bright and cheerful, vomiting all stopped, stools formed and natural in appearance, weight 14½ pounds. From then, for the next three months, the child made a regular and even improvement, gaining from eight to ten ounces each week. She is now quite recovered. In my opinion, this girl has been saved from an early grave by the use of Grape-Nuts food."

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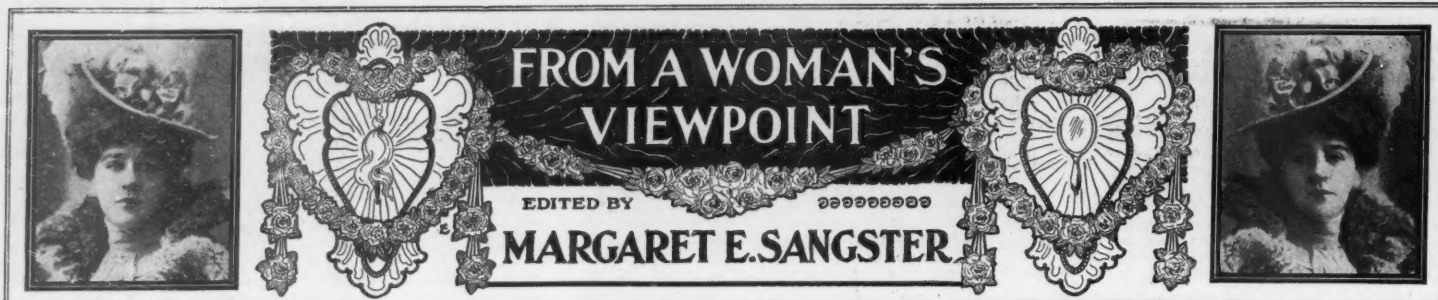
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FROM A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

EDITED BY

MARGARET E. SANGSTER



I



MRS. L. H. LARNED
PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL
HOUSEHOLD ECONOMIC
ASSOCIATION

IF YOU HAPPEN to observe on a train at any large station a group of bright-looking matrons, particularly well dressed and radiating satisfaction with their surroundings, you may set them down in your mind as club women. They have a peculiar and unmistakable air of refinement and good breeding; they look efficient and resourceful, and their relations to one another are evidently friendly and confiding. If you are taking a day's journey, and a great federation convention is meeting at a distant point, similar groups of happy women, some young, some old, some middle-aged, will recruit the first at every way station. Just now, after the summer's rest, there is a revival of club activities everywhere. The social element is naturally predominant, and a popular form of entertainment is the annual breakfast, where dainty viands are delicately served, and a prearranged programme provides practiced speakers whose wit and humor enliven the occasion.

The woman, if such there be, who has never attended a club function, dinner, or luncheon, or tea, who has never seen the tactful rulings of a club president, nor borne a part in club proceedings, should at once take measures to be put on the waiting list of some agreeable club. Thus will she enhance the pleasures of her life. Thus will she prolong her youth and add to her stock of health and strength.

OPENING OF THE CLUB SEASON

NEW YORK women, since they have returned from their wanderings, are chiefly interested in the plans for the coming meeting at Albany, November 12 to 16, of the New York State Federation of Women's Clubs. The Committee on Place of Meeting, Mrs. Washington A. Roebling, chairman, has had the good fortune to secure the Assembly Chamber in the Capitol for the use of the Federation. The coming convention marks an innovation in this annual meeting from the fact that the Federation has invited itself to Albany. The city possesses but one club federated in the State Society, and as this is an Alumni Association, its membership is not all in Albany. It was felt, however, by the officers of the Federation that the club interest of middle northern New York needed perhaps the stimulus of a Federation meeting, and it was decided to hold one there without taxing any of the local or neighborhood clubs. Officers and delegates will pay their own expenses, and already a large number of club women have announced their intention to be present.

The programme includes the usual hearing of the work of the various committees of the Federation, with some special topics that will undoubtedly prove interesting. Civil service and domestic science are both to be considered, and the matter of the industrial school for girls, again presented. The color line in club matters may also be discussed. The President of the Federation, Mrs. William Tod Helmuth, has been approached by some of the women of the State with the request that this matter should be considered, and she has replied that she certainly will receive any motion to that effect. The election of officers also takes place this autumn. The chief officers and several of the Board of Directors go out by reason of the expiration of their constitutional terms. Naturally the interest centres chiefly upon the successor to the President, Mrs. Helmuth.

The Nominating Committee, of which Mrs. J. L. Childs of Floral Park, Long Island, is chairman, sent blanks during the summer to the clubs of the Federation asking them for suggestions as to candidates. The result of this official canvass will of course not be known until the report is made at the convention, but the air is full of presidential rumors. Mrs. Cornelius Zabriskie of Brooklyn, the present

first Vice-President, is freely talked of. Mrs. Zabriskie's promotion will be in direct line with her training in Federation matters, and she will undoubtedly make an excellent president if elected. The fact that she is from the eastern part of the State, which has already had a representative in Mrs. Helmuth, is mentioned as an obstacle to her candidacy. Brooklyn, however, is entirely distinct from New York in club matters, and the big city across the bridge has never been represented in a President of the Federation. Mrs. Montgomery of Rochester, N. Y., is another candidate. Mrs. Montgomery served a single year three years ago as President of the Federation, but suffered during most of the time from a severe illness, which also prevented her standing for the re-

THE NATIONAL HOUSEHOLD ECONOMIC ASSOCIATION

AN IMPORTANT convention of the autumn has been the annual meeting at Toronto of the National Household Economic Association. Mrs. L. H. Larned of Syracuse, and the President of the Association, was a commissioner to the Paris Exposition, and spoke at one of the congresses upon the subject of household economics. She was so cordially received that she was invited to Holland and Scotland to repeat her account of the work in household economics done in the United States. The reception of the convention at Toronto was a significant one, the invitations being extended by the mayor and other municipal authorities as well as by the Toronto Household Economic Association. The visitors were received with great courtesy, and enjoyed much social pleasure, besides the more serious work of the four days' meetings. The Association is making an effort to educate public opinion to the point of asking legislative assistance to have domestic science and household economics engrafted upon the public school system.

An interesting discussion was one upon the domestic service problem. In introducing it the chairman begged those taking part not to give personal experiences, and it was perhaps an indication of the development in women's speaking that every speaker was able to follow this advice. A man who was present gave it as his opinion that the present condition was due to the fact that for generations women had "let things slide," and that the solution of the problem would be found when matters were arranged as men manage their business, with duties and obligations clearly defined and carried out. A delegate from Utah gave an interesting account of some co-operative experiences in the West, showing how it was possible to have bakeries, laundries, and even dinners and nurseries in common. Mrs. Shailer, the chairman, summed up the discussion, thinking that four points should be striven for: one standard of service, simpler living, schools for domestic service, and better regulations as to hours.

Every session of the Toronto meeting was full of suggestion, and all participants felt that they had valuable lessons to carry away. The Association has accepted an invitation from the Pan-American Exposition management, and will hold its next annual meeting at Buffalo in October, 1901.

MOTHERS IN COUNCIL

ONE of the most interesting and important meetings of the autumn is the New York State Assembly of Mothers. It convened in Buffalo on October 30. A great many additional branch clubs were represented, and the proceedings were marked by enthusiasm. The State Department of Public Instruction indorses the mothers' movement and co-operates with it in every way. In the October convention the "American Home" was taken as the general subject for all the meetings, and speakers of authority on different phases of the menu were heard during the week. Ample time is always allowed for discussion at mothers' meetings to talk things over. The president is Mrs. Mears of Albany, the vice-president Mrs. Henry A. Stimson of New York. Both these women have the sweetness and benignity of motherhood shining in their matronly faces.

A NOTABLE COMPETITION

THE PRIZE competition suggested by the Women's Auxiliary to the New York Civil Service Reform Association to the General Federation of Women's Clubs has attracted great attention. Two prizes of \$100 and \$50 respectively for two essays on the subject of Civil Service Reform are offered, the competition to be restricted to women who are members of clubs in the State Federation belonging to the General Federation and to members of the General Federation in States in which no State federation exists. The essays are to be submitted for judgment to a committee of three—C. J. Bonaparte of Baltimore, Lucius B. Swift of Indianapolis, and Mrs. C. R. Lowell of New York. The two essays which are judged by them to be the best will become the property of the Women's Auxiliary, to be used by them in the furtherance of the cause of civil reform. The competition closes on January 1, 1901. Miss A. E. H. Meyer, 48 West 59th Street, New York City, will furnish particulars.



WILHELMINA I., THE "LITTLE QUEEN" OF HOLLAND, WHO IS ABOUT TO WED DUKE HENRY OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN. SHE IS THE DAUGHTER OF WILLIAM III, OF THE NETHERLANDS BY HIS SECOND WIFE. WHEN HER FATHER DIED IN NOVEMBER, 1890, THE QUEEN, THEN TEN YEARS OLD, SUCCEEDED TO THE THRONE. WILHELMINA WAS FORMALLY INSTALLED AS SOVEREIGN ON AUGUST 31, 1898. SHE IS NOW TWENTY YEARS OF AGE. THE UPPER LEFT-HAND PICTURE SHOWS WILHELMINA AND HER MOTHER, TAKEN SIXTEEN YEARS AGO. HER INCOME IS MORE THAN FIFTEEN MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR

election that would have been accorded her. It is not known whether Mrs. Montgomery will feel that her large club and educational interests in her home city will permit her to become a candidate. Other names mentioned are those of Miss Rhodes of Staten Island, Mrs. Hastings, Mrs. Roebling and a number of other well known women, prominent in New York social circles.

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No money required. Send your order stating bust and waist measure and length for skirt and we will send either of them C.O.D. to your nearest express office with privilege of examination. For correct styles consult

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CHILDREN'S DRESS

OF COURSE we want our children to be prettily dressed, but we must not forget that the primary requisites to be sought are comfort and convenience. Any omission to make the child comfortable causes an effect of ill-dressing. Any costume which impedes freedom of movement, or which weighs on the little mind as a thing to be taken great care of, is a mistake. Children are neither dolls nor dummies. They are human creatures, growing like sturdy weeds, and our chief desire should be to promote their healthful living and symmetrical growth. Babies and small girls and boys may be comfortably dressed and still be picturesque; but the latter quality must be incidental merely. A boy hates long curls and velvet togery and lace trimming, and no wonder. It is a positive sin to sacrifice a child's contentment to a mother's vanity, to spoil a sweet temper that people may exclaim at the childish beauty.

We Americans thrust our children too prominently into the foreground. A better ideal allows them to live away from the glare of publicity. Royal nurseries set a good example to plain republicans. No children are more simply brought up and more unobtrusively dressed than those of kings and queens.

Children's clothing should be of strong and good material to stand service. At this season it should be warm, the underwear well woven and fine, covering the body from neck to ankles. Shoes and stockings are costly, but expense should be lavished on them and economy concentrated elsewhere. In this way the sum total may be evened up. The better the shoe the longer it will last, the easier will be its repair. A very simply garbed child presents an attractive appearance if well shod. Feet which must serve their owner for a lifetime should not be distorted in childhood by misfits in boots and shoes, by footgear too long, too short, too narrow, too wide, or too anything it ought not to be.

Stockings, safer than socks in our climate for every child, should be of good quality, seamless and long, held in place by elastic fastened to the waistband. The color is a matter of choice. White stockings are again in vogue. Black is never out of fashion. Eccentricities are to be avoided, although for some styles of dress plaid stockings are suitable and pretty.

For dancing school, pumps and slippers and elaborate stockings are pretty and appropriate. For roughing it in the country, and for the ordinary wear of a child shoes which lace or button well above the ankle are to be chosen.

Every child should be taught to make a distinction between outdoor and indoor shoes. A schoolgirl or boy may demur at the trouble it causes to slip off the boots which have been used in walking and on the playground and to don a lighter pair for the home, but, once established as a custom, the effort will not be minded and three good results will follow; the peace of the house will be greater in the lessening of noise, the children will be more comfortable, and the shoes will last longer.

THE DECLINE OF ITALICS AND OTHER FANCIES

IF THERE is one thing which may safely be left to the decision of a reader it is the question of emphasis. Where shall she lay stress on the important word in a sentence? Her own interpretation of its meaning may usually be trusted, and therefore italics are seldom seen in our books, though we have only to go back, for instance, to Jane Austen to find them peppering every page or two. Elderly women remember the italicized letters they used to receive in their girlhood, the sentimental portions invariably underscored. This, too, is an obsolete custom.

Why do women persist in writing all over their note paper, without apparent order, instead of turning from leaf to leaf in an orderly way? A girl's letter is a Chinese puzzle. She writes upside down and inside out, and if she does not number her pages, her masculine reader—father, brother or cousin—tears his hair in a vain effort to discover the sequence. A lover, of course, is less easily irritated. To him his sweetheart's letter is a charm, a fetish, not to be criticised, but to be received with humble gratitude. But after marriage he too will protest, and beg his dear Edith to write straight ahead, without so much cross-country cantering and turning on the trail.

In the matter of dating letters, why should not women return to the old method of writing the date at the top of the sheet under the address? The present custom of affixing the date in script at the end of the letter is unsatisfactory and confusing. If the fair correspondent is in haste or has left herself scant room at the end of her letter, she forgets the date altogether or huddles it into a corner in an illegible heap. Numerals are much better adapted to the writing of dates than letters are. "November 10, 1900," is much to be preferred for lucidity and convenience to the same thing written out "November tenth," etc.

A recent caprice in wedding invitations and announcements substitutes "One thousand nine hundred" for "Nineteen hundred," a manifest bit of affectation.

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TO THE MAN in the street quite as much as to the military expert, one phase, at least, of the autumn manoeuvres of the French army has been of exceptional interest. Neither the railroad system nor animal traction will be employed from start to finish. The cannon, the ammunition, the entire food supply, the ambulance service—including the emergency hospital—the apparatus for the telegraphic and telephone service, the bureau of the general staff—all the cumbersome necessities of a campaign will be conveyed from Paris and other mobilizing centres to the field of operations by the newly designed auto-motor wagons. If all goes well, the whole equipment arriving on time, without any hitch, the War Office of France will order the immediate construction of types of transport wagons on the auto-motor principle, designed specially to meet every requirement of mobilization. That step would be imperatively dictated by the one obvious consideration that an army provided with a comprehensive and minutely organized system of auto-motor transportation would no longer be absolutely paralyzed by the destruction of a railroad. With an efficient service for the carrying on of ammunition or food supplies just as soon as the railroad communication broke down, much priceless time might be saved and the whole face of a perilous situation changed. And, again, facing the enemy, a horse is a hopeless failure compared to the machine. He is slow and distinctly mortal: the automobile is fast, and may easily be made proof, at least, against bullets; nor do hunger or thirst or pest exist for it. An artillery train transported by mechanical power would often come off safely where, with animal traction, the guns would have to be abandoned. The success of the elaborate French experiments would mean great changes in the military systems and strategic formulae now everywhere accepted.

NOT A LINGUIST

FRIEND: "I wonder, Ethel, that you allowed that Frenchman to kiss you in the conservatory."

Ethel: "I could not help it."

Friend: "Why couldn't you?"

Ethel: "Because I can't speak French!"

HOW DE WET PATRONIZED THE BRITISH

WHEN De Wet had General Kelly-Kenny besieged in Weepener the sores were almost without ammunition. The burghers had less than twenty rounds of cartridges each. De Wet was in a quandary until he heard that British reinforcements were on the way toward Weepener. Then he sent half of his men to attack the relief column, and they returned with enough ammunition to renew the attack on besieged Kelly-Kenny. "If the British will not allow us to secure ammunition through Delagoa Bay," said De Wet, "we must get it somewhere. In this case, we do not mind patronizing the British." In the later fighting in the Free State, De Wet exclusively used ammunition he captured from the British. A dozen or more of heavy artillery pieces and hundreds of Lee-Netford rifles were captured from the British, and, in extenuation of his theft of British ammunition, he said to his men: "They gave us their guns, why shouldn't they also give us ammunition for them?"

UNNECESSARY LABOR

JUDGE: "It was not necessary for you to have assaulted the plaintiff after having robbed him."

Prisoner: "You are quite right, your honor. Next time I shall take your advice."

SCOTCH ESTATES

MR. NEWRICH: "Of course you are well acquainted with the country round about here. Do you know Glen Accron?"

Native: "Ay, well!"

Mr. Newrich (who has just bought the estate): "What sort of a place is it in your opinion?"

Native: "Well, if ye saw the de'il tethered on't, ye'd just say, 'Puir brute!'"

NO ROOM FOR TWO

MAID: "Johnny, why don't you get under the bed when your mamma is angry?"

Johnny: "I can't; that place is reserved for papa."

ROYAL ECONOMY

THE efforts of Princess Beatrice of Battenberg to inculcate economy in the Royal household had for some time borne very little fruit with her eldest born, a lad at Eton. The Princess, wearying of his repeated calls upon her for pocket money, asked the Queen to use her influence with the offender, which accordingly she did. A note written by her Majesty, showing him gently but firmly the error of his ways, brought forth next day the following reply:

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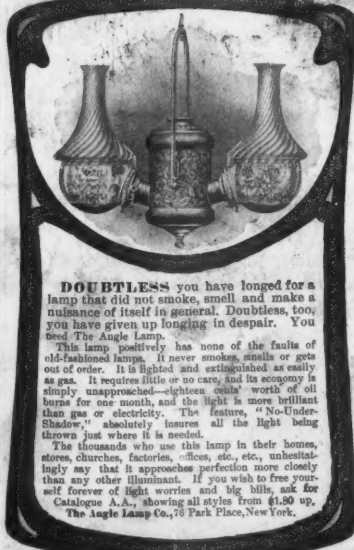
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LATEST PORTRAIT OF PAUL KRUGER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEO WEINTHAL, PRETORIA

PRESIDENT KRUGER'S FLIGHT TO HOLLAND—TO AVOID A POSSIBLE ATTACK FROM THE BOER REFUGEES, PRESIDENT PAUL KRUGER WAS SECRETLY TAKEN ON BOARD THE DUTCH CRUISER "GELDERLAND," LYING OFF LORENZO MARQUEZ, AT FIVE O'CLOCK ON THE MORNING OF OCTOBER 19. THE CRUISER SAILED FOR HOLLAND VIA SUEZ AND THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA AT NOON ON OCTOBER 20

SOME CURIOUS PHASES OF THE BOER WAR

BY COLONEL ARTHUR LYNCH, OF THE IRISH BRIGADE, NATAL ARMY

WHEN I LOOK back at my campaign experiences I am surprised to observe how much hardship we endured, and what terrible toils we undertook. Matters did not strike me so much in that light at the time, for we were always in good spirits. I think there must be something in the atmosphere of South Africa which conduces to a genial state of mind, for certainly the Afrikanders are the most friendly of any people I have met in my life. One of my men said, "This is a very easy country to get along in, Colonel; you can do 'most what you like, so long as you do not kill or steal"—a curious commentary on the alleged tyranny of the Boers. At that time killing was our trade, however; and, as to stealing, the notions of some of the burghers—but to be just, only of a few—had got so lax that under the name of commandeering they took everything in sight they could lay hold of.

This was really one of the causes of our disasters, for at the first hint of a reverse each man was anxious to get away with his loot. Yet there were some laughable incidents connected with it.

I remember once seeing some burghers in a store looting right and left. They had their wagons outside, and they were anxious to get all they could before the arrival of the police inspector, for the Boer authorities did their best to prevent such practices. One of the men was so absorbed hauling out clothes, boots, gowns, carpets, costly silks and door-mats, and dumping them on the sidewalk ready for his wagon, that he did not notice that another man was quietly waiting outside, picking up these articles and placing them in his own wagon.

A MUSICAL TYPEWRITER

It was in the same store that one of the Boers "made" a typewriter. He had never seen a typewriter before, and he was hesitating whether to take it or not, when one of his comrades seized it. The original discoverer snatched it out of his hands, crying indignantly, "Don't you think my children want to learn music too?"

The Boers—even those who looted—prayed a good deal, and at one period religion became almost epidemic. I had in my brigade an old soldier who had fought against the Boers at Majuba Hill. I had not expected from his ordinary conversation that religion was his strong point, but one night, having procured some surreptitious and vitrolic whi-key, he insisted on making a speech. He declared that he had taken up arms for the Boers because he was a Dopper, his mother was a Dopper, and all his grandfathers and grandmothers were Doppers. They were Covenanters, he roared, and that's the next thing to a Dopper. The following day, sobered by a night in the trenches, he was much less religious. In fact, his language was so bad that I gave him a reminder. "Yes, Colonel," he acknowledged, "it is bad language, but it's good enough for a trooper."

ATTACKED BY OUR FRIENDS

I may say that the difficulty of distinguishing between Boer and Briton led us more than once to fire on our own men. One night there was a ferocious encounter between the commandos of Carolina and Lydenburg. Fortunately it was too dark for them to do much mischief. One of my most moving experiences was when near Elands-laagte. I went out to reconnoitre with a couple of my men and suddenly found our little party in danger of being attacked by a strong patrol of what I thought were Britishers. I resolved to stand. We took our places behind rocks—we had our revolvers ready also for close quarters—but I could not decide that the horsemen who were rapidly approaching might not possibly be Boers, though they were in uniform and though they did not ride like Boers. When they got so close as to be able almost to rush us, suspense became very uncomfortable, and I decided to give them a shot at me so as to dispel doubts. I therefore suddenly rose up, holding my rifle above my head in a horizontal direction. This was our signal, though it was not always acted on, and though it did not always serve, I found that the troop was a body of Boers led by some artillerymen, whose uniform and braced manner of riding made them resemble the English.

On another occasion near the same place we had a furious chase one dark night after the foe. Next day we found we had been worrying a party of Italian scouts. In the early gray of the morning two of them were found up a palm-tree, and when we approached they yelled madly, "Italianos! Italianos!"

I once dropped in for a little shooting myself inadvertently. It was also near Elands-laagte, where on the previous day we had dislodged an advance guard of the English. They were shifting camp, and I was watching their retirement with my field glasses. Suddenly the bullets began to sing about. I turned to an aide-de-camp of General Botha who was sitting behind a rock. "Where is that firing coming from?" I inquired.

"I don't know," he replied, "where they are firing from, but I know what they are firing at."

"Ah?"

"Yes," he concluded with a grin, "they're firing at you."

I had just realized that fact also, and I dropped behind a rock before making further observations.

A PRIZE-FIGHTER IN THE RANKS

Some of the sayings of my men were curious. I had a famous prize-fighter in my brigade, a light-weight, a finely built young fellow, and as brave as one can find them. He said he would follow me "like a star." He did till he met his death near Johannesburg. One day, however, he was very despondent. It was the day of our retreat from the Biggarsberg. He did not like to retreat.

"Colonel," he said, "we've backed a loser."

That certainly summed up the situation. He continued by saying that he once saw a man beat another in the ring, but "he wouldn't go in and finish him. Now that's what we've done. When we had them going we ought to have given them the knockout. But now they've got their second wind, and they're going to lick us. Blow it!"

I had also an ex-bandit. He was a fine fellow, half-Irish and half-French, but a thorough Afrikander. He had sprung into fame by robbing a mail coach and getting away with something like \$200,000. He was caught soon after, owing to the

weakness of an accomplice, and received a sentence of twenty years' imprisonment. Turning to the judge, T— died out, "Say, judge, will you make it double or quits?"

This sally made his fortune, for he was very well treated in prison and was soon afterward released. This happened not long before the war, and T— joined my brigade. He was a first-rate trooper, and I subsequently made him sergeant. He was distinguished for his courage, his untiring energy, his power of influencing the men and his—honesty.

Now and again the bandit came to the fore, as when he wanted me to propose to General Botha a dash on Ladysmith. This was subsequent to the relief of that town, and I was surprised that T— should still think that possible. "If we could get in," he said, "we ought to go for the bank at once!"

At Johannesburg also he wanted me to burn the city down and go in for a colossal sacking of the place. There would be a fortune in it for all, he said. At the same time he would not take a glass of milk without paying for it, even at a time when food was scanty and his money nearly run out. But T—'s last "word" was a good one. I ought to explain that with the Boers there was a certain dignity attached to the labor of a white man, and the white man was remarkably well paid. A miner received on the average \$113 a month. The Kaffirs did the hard, brutal toil in the mines, but the white man intervened in order to explode the dynamite charge. T—, who was a philosopher in his way, beheld in his prophetic vision this régime disappearing and an era of grinding capitalism coming in, when the white man would be but a tool in the great Juggernaut machine of the Syndicates. We were making our way to Pretoria, when T— turned round in his saddle to take a farewell look at the city he knew so well, and he summed up the situation sadly: "Now a Kaffir can fire a charge."

We had some fighting on the road, and T— found the death he did not wish longer to escape.

BRAVE MEN AND COWARDS

Bravery was cheap in the Transvaal. I knew so many brave men, so many who had done heroic things, that I took courage as a matter of course. As my prize-fighter expressed it, "Pluck was always on tap." There were, however, two or three young Irish lads who carried courage to the verge of recklessness, and who in consequence were killed all too untimely. I had one youngster of about sixteen, rather small for his years, fond of wearing top-boots half as big as himself, and altogether one of the best troopers in South Africa, and therefore in the world. I have seen him ride down hill at a splitting pace, while he turned half-round in the saddle, holding a joking conversation with some comrades behind. He could also shoot like a demon. One day he said his horse was done up; he wanted another. I replied jokingly, "Take one from the English." The next day he went prowling near their camp. He saw an officer and an orderly come out to look around. He shot the officer, the orderly galloped off, and Bobbie, sneaking up, caught the officer's horse, mounted it and made off. The English fired at him with their rifles, and then with their Maxims. But Bobbie came galloping back to our laager, grinning all over his face.

"You seemed to be in a hurry to get away, Bobbie," I said. "I guess I was," he replied, laughing. "They were putting shells after me when I got over the ridge."

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SPORT TRAVEL ADVENTURE

Walter Camp

HARVARD vs. PENNSYLVANIA
On the date of this paper, November 3, several games take place which will enable the enthusiast to get something of a line upon Princeton and Yale, and at the same time see the question settled between Harvard and Pennsylvania. I have already commented briefly upon these two teams, and the work of another week has only accentuated those criticisms.

Two years ago at Cambridge Harvard defeated Pennsylvania decisively. Last year the Cambridge men had a walkover at Philadelphia. In both these years one of the serious weaknesses displayed by the Pennsylvania team was their entire unfamiliarity with the kicking game, their inability to punt effectively, and their weakness in handling the punts of the opponents. This year it is promised that Pennsylvania will be up to the mark in this respect, and in the addition of more punters and in playing more of a kicking game there is reason to believe that the prediction will be verified. There is this to be said, however, that if Pennsylvania wishes to make effective use of Hare, her captain, and unquestionably one of the strongest players on the gridiron to-day, she must not rely upon him for all the work at all times that she has given him to do in the Harvard games of the last two years.

Pennsylvania will journey to Cambridge with a team of effective plunging ground gainers, but with a tendency to use her line men in this running to a greater extent than Harvard or than the other principal teams believe in. This naturally tends to weaken her defence in a hard game where the line men need every pound of energy to defeat the attempts of the opponents in breaking the line and making gains. Pennsylvania also uses her ends on defence rather differently from Harvard, although both of them send their ends in more than either Yale or Princeton. Last year the style of play of the Philadelphia ends suited Harvard's offence exactly, and Sawin went around them for very considerable gains. He is following the same kind of interference this year, and if he is all right upon the occasion of this match, will probably take some ground, especially if Pennsylvania's ends shoot in. If Pennsylvania relies upon Hare, who was forced to do a good deal of the stopping of these end runs last year by running out from his position clear across the field and tackling the man after he had rounded the end and passed the defensive half-back, they will give the captain too much work to do, and this will result in much ground being made against them. If, on the other hand, Pennsylvania will take as much work as possible off Captain Hare's shoulders, they will leave him strength and energy to stop the plunging of such men as the heavy Harvard backs.

Pennsylvania has done more this season toward developing capable men in the back field than for a long time, and by capable men I mean men who are not only able to run and push, but who can kick and catch, and generally handle the ball. Her quarter-back playing has improved, and there is less fumbling than has characterized the teams for the last two years. The general average of Pennsylvania's play also has been bettered, and it is more consistent even if less brilliant. For that reason Pennsylvania will take up to Cambridge far more confidence than was displayed on Franklin Field last year.

Harvard goes into the game with a line which has been spoken of as green, and which is green when compared with the veteran organization of last season. But when it comes to picking out actual new faces in the line on the day of the match it is said that they will not be many. But the quality of the work of the Harvard line has depreciated since 1898; and although it served to defeat Pennsylvania last year, the problem will be a more complex one for them this year. Last year Pennsylvania's line was weakened by the drawing back of the men for the attack and using up these players to such an extent that the Harvard line found no difficulty in beating them down for Ellis' line plunging. How much Pennsylvania has profited by this experience remains to be seen at the game, but it is pretty well known that until they are sure of their being able to stop this work they will not entirely exhaust Hare and the line in attempts at ground-gaining. In fact, the game is going to depend much more largely upon the generalship of the captains this season than it has for three years. In this respect Coach Woodruff and Captain Hare will undoubtedly lay their heads together and will make up a plan of campaign based upon the experience of last year and the present coaching of their team and Hare's possibilities. On the other hand, Dibblee and Daly will do this same thing, and thus when the two teams go upon the field, it will be to represent the plans of these rival pairs of football men. But when it comes to the actual play, Captain Hare is very likely to feel called upon to do a good deal more than his share of the work, for his heroism in that way is well known. Daly will be much more cunning and crafty, and when both men are in the midst of complications, I look for the Pennsylvania captain to be far more reckless than the Harvard man.

On the occasion of Pennsylvania's defeat by Harvard two years ago at Cambridge, Harvard scored on a fumble by Pennsylvania at the very start. What effect this had on the Pennsylvania play has always been a question, but it certainly was very disheartening, and an early score by either team is extremely likely to have considerable bearing on the final result. The chances are, however, that stage fright will affect neither of the parties in the first five minutes, and in that case we shall see the game pounded out on its merits, in which will be displayed not only the physical prowess of both teams, but the plans of the coaches and the generalship of the captains as very few games have ever exhibited before.

Harvard may be expected to have rather the better of the open running, and especially so in Daly, as a man who is liable at any time to catch a punt and net thirty, forty, or even more yards before he can be brought to earth. On the other hand, Pennsylvania promises to be more persistent in straight plain hammering with close plays and guards back, interspersed with an occasional trick, which may or may not catch Harvard napping. If it does, it is liable to mean a long gain for Pennsylvania. If it does not, it will have the same effect on the Pennsylvania team as Columbia's attempt at end passing had on their players at the commencement of the game with Harvard. Should there be a strong wind blowing directly up and down the field, I should look for it in the long run to be rather to the advantage of Pennsylvania. On the other hand, a wet field I should consider militated against their chances somewhat in the inability of their men, as demonstrated in the Brown game, to get going on a greasy soil.

On this same day Princeton plays Cornell, and the contest promises to be a severe one. In the first place, no especial love has been lost between Harvard and Princeton for some years, ever since their football contests stopped, and Haughton, coach of the Cornell team, naturally has Harvard's sympathies; and even were it not for his predilection that way he would still regard this game as a critical moment in Cornell's career, and a game that it was of the greatest importance for his team to win. Last year Lewis of Harvard also assisted in coaching the Cornell team just before their game with the University of Pennsylvania, and he too has instilled into them the necessity of winning this game.

But to look on the other side, what are the feelings of Princeton in this matter? A defeat means to them a most serious set-back not only in reputation, but also in the development of their men for their final game with Yale two weeks later. It means also a possible comparison between them and the University of Pennsylvania, when Cornell lines up against the Philadelphia team on Thanksgiving Day.

For these and various other reasons, the principal among which are the memories of some other matches with the Ithacans, Princeton will put her strongest team in the field, and will win by as great a margin as possible. I do not consider Cornell as strong as she was last year in mid-season, but her team is certainly better than it was at the very end of last year. Princeton, on the other hand, is more erratic than for many seasons, nervous, high-strung, and capable of almost superhuman efforts upon occasions, and then attacked with a looseness of play that makes the coaches shiver in their boots. I understand that the coaches expect them to get together by the time of this game, and certainly have every reason to believe that with the material at hand, the Princeton aggregation should be very nearly, if not quite, as good as last season. They have more good punters and general kickers than Cornell, and that puts them on a safer plane in case of injuries to several men. They have a line which is more active than Cornell's, but not as solid. They have the traditional strong game on the ends, and whoever has played this position for Princeton for several years, it made no difference whether he was a Poe or a Palmer or not, he has played like one, and the play was good. Hillebrand has also made a good tradition in the tackle position, which Pell seems quite capable of filling, but his colleagues are not quite up to the mark. In running strength behind the line the two teams are not unevenly balanced.

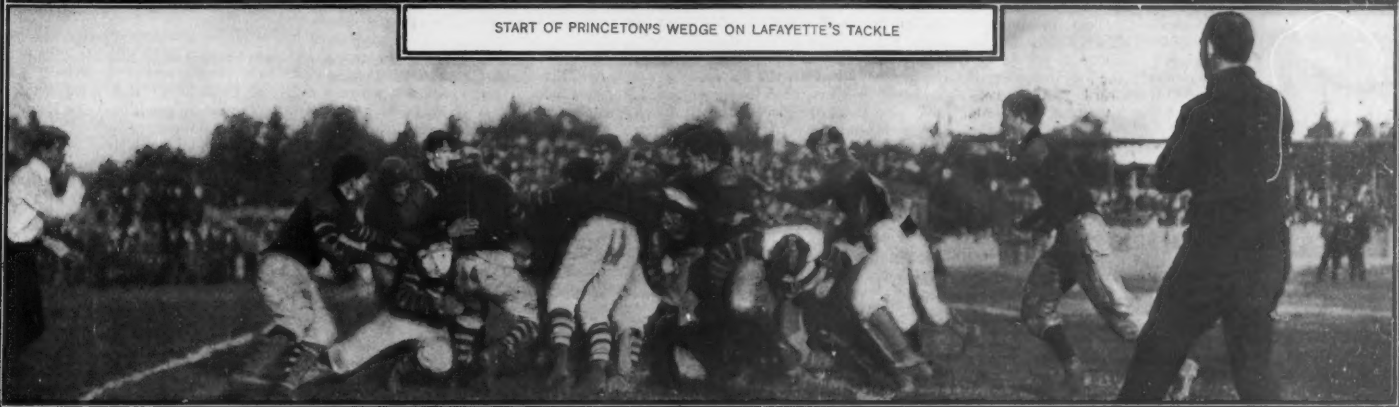
Taken all in all, it seems as though the experience and prestige of Princeton should bring her through without a defeat, but it will be at the expense of a hard game.



LAFAYETTE PASSING THE BALL FOR A RUN AROUND PRINCETON'S END



START OF PRINCETON'S WEDGE ON LAFAYETTE'S TACKLE



PRINCETON GOING THROUGH GUARD AND TACKLE

PRINCETON VS. LAFAYETTE, AT EASTON, PA., OCTOBER 20

For several seasons Yale has journeyed to West Point with her heart in her mouth and utterly unable to tell whether her team would leave the parade-grounds safe or defeated. So great has become the belief that West Point always puts up a strong game against Yale that Yale teams have learned to look with unlimited respect on the cadets, and play their level best from start to finish. This year the same conditions prevail, save that the Yale team is built of a staidier and more solid eleven than for some seasons. They may not be aggressive, and they are certainly a trifle slow, but very strong against straight plays, and they have the endurance of oxen. For that reason Yale men feel safer than usual in sending the team up. Tricks would bother them, and if West Point has any of these in store they may give the big fellows some uneasy moments.

Last year at Providence a Pennsylvania team was tied by Brown with a score of 6 to 6; and, more than that, the Pennsylvania team was badly knocked to pieces in that match. This year the game was played at Philadelphia, and Pennsylvania took revenge, although not so complete a revenge as they wanted, the final score being 12 to 0. Brown has long been a team that the big fellows pick up confidently in the early season, only to find that they have caught a Tartar. Two or three years ago Yale had Brown down on her own field at New Haven, and the final score was Yale 18, Brown 14, and that was in the days when kicking a goal from a touchdown added two points to the score instead of one, as is the rule now. Yale, with her accurate goal kicker, Cadwalader, converted all three of her hard-earned touchdowns into goals, while Brown, making the same number of touchdowns, missed two of the tries at goal. Harvard, too, has found Brown clever, and so has Princeton. Pennsylvania was obliged to work hard and earnestly for her points. But her team is a far more dependable one this year than last, and when they saw their work cut out for them they went manfully at it. Brown proved that Pennsylvania's defence is better than for two years, for the Providence team could not make any marked gains and was usually held flat. On the other hand, it must be said that Brown's own defence is also well above the average, and in the second half, although Pennsylvania would get within hailing distance, five times carrying the ball within the fifteen-yard line in the second half, the Providence men came up to the scratch and prevented a score. Brown's chief ability in this province of the game came from their quick jump on the instant the ball was snapped. Instead of standing in their tracks, awaiting the assault, as Cornell tried doing last Thanksgiving Day, the Brown line of forwards dashed into the play instantly, and the result was a bad jumbling up of the guards back. The day was a nasty one, and this, together with a wet ball and wet ground, may have made Pennsylvania's heavy men slower than they should have been in this style of play. Brown tried a drop at Pennsylvania's goal from a good position in the first half, but the kick was low, and Pennsylvania's forwards blocked it easily. Hare did some of his great work at stopping, espe-

cially on the occasion when Bartlett of Brown secured the ball with a clear field just inside his own twenty-five yard line. Then the Quaker captain got after him and overhauled him almost at once. Graves showed by his kicking that Pennsylvania is equipping that department of the game with far better skill than for some seasons past, and Potter got in some good end runs. Gilmour, the old Yale back, showed line bucking ability, and, as usual, was strong on the defence. No game could have been better for Pennsylvania from an educational standpoint, and it is safe to say that she has profited more by it than if the score had been larger.

PRINCETON
VS.
LAFAYETTE

The Princeton-Lafayette game was as remarkable a struggle as any seen on the gridiron up to date this season. The style of play of the two teams was distinctly different. Lafayette's attack was more of the direct plunging order, as exhibited by Pennsylvania and the teams her coaches have taught. Princeton was more of the tackle-forcing nature.

Lafayette made many serious fumbles, and Princeton's ends, especially Roper, were up to the usual high standard of the men who have occupied that position on Princeton teams in the past. It was right here that the question of victory or defeat hung in the balance and it was this ability which turned the scale in Princeton's favor. The game was a desperate one, both sides being tremendously in earnest, and Lafayette was naturally disappointed at the final outcome, taking into consideration all the possibilities which might have been theirs had it not been for fumbling. Princeton's play was always plucky, often heroic, and all the more creditable in that they were well aware of the extremely critical situation in which the result of this game might place the team. Lafayette, with former scalps of Cornell last season and Pennsylvania not so long ago, was this year determined to add Princeton's. How near she came to succeeding the Princeton team fully realizes, and is accordingly relieved at having passed the dangerous test.

The aftermath of this game has proved rather sensational. Both teams gave evidence of having been through a pretty severe struggle, and there have now crept into print certain charges which are especially unfortunate, and which, if substantiated, show a decided lowering in tone in the sport. Despatches, emanating from Princeton, state that Lafayette weakened toward the end very much, while certain other articles have been printed in which Princeton is charged with rough methods in the middle of the line which produced this state of affairs. Neither side has really made any direct statements of this kind, and the reports are only those which come without definite substantiation, but which, nevertheless, indicate an intensity of suppressed feeling which ought not to exist. This is by no means to be attributed to an unfair spirit on either side, but probably arises from the peculiar conditions which present themselves in any match played between teams whose interest, and consequently whose training, is so extremely divergent. Lafayette has made excellent records and has defeated first-class teams, but her teams have had periods of poor play, and at times have subsided into mediocrity, only, however, to rise again. Thus the football interest there has

grown with these occasional excellent victories, and when these two teams entered the field it is fairly safe to say that Princeton had little to gain and everything to lose, while Lafayette had everything to gain and little to lose. When these conditions prevail, the game is apt to be far more exciting and a great deal more exasperating to one side or the other, or, in fact, to both, than when the conditions are alike to both teams. We have already had some indication of this in the charges emanating from the Harvard-Columbia game this season. One does not have to go very far back in the past history of the sport to find almost annually some instance of a similar nature, where disparity of conditions, prevailing at the time of the contest, seems to be the real precursor of disagreeable results. All this is bad for the sport, and is taken by its opponents as a reflection upon its merits, whereas, as a rule, in the big games and the small games where conditions are alike between the two teams—that is, where neither has more to gain or to lose than the other—there is seldom any of this hard feeling engendered. It can all be summed up in the words "bitter disappointment."

MISS GRISCOM, having won the national and the Philadelphia tournaments, added one more to her list by a victory at Baltusrol.

GOLF But Miss Bishop gave her a good fight, and the match was not settled until the very last hole, where Miss Griscom ran down a long put and Miss Bishop rimmed the cup from a still greater distance in her attempt to halve. Miss Bishop was the stronger in her driving (reaching the 10th green by a 180-yard drive) and the long game, but Miss Griscom was better on the approach and on the green.

H. M. Forest won the Cresheim cup, defeating Crump by 4 up and 3 to play. Forest was fresh from victories at Hot Springs, and while he always has been capable of a good game, is steadying down now under competition better than ever before.

A REMARKABLE PLAY During the Lower Lakes golf tournament at the Country Club, Grosse Pointe, Michigan, Lieutenant George N. Hayward, U. S. Navy, now at Cleveland, made one of the most remarkable plays known to the game.

Hayward is over six feet tall, weighs 220 pounds, and was one of the best drivers at the tournament. On driving from the first tee he sent the ball over the bunker, fully 175 yards. It struck a screen on the second floor window of a vacant parsonage and went clear through the screen and window. The lieutenant had a problem to face. He was followed to the house by a large number of interested spectators. Forcing open a window, Hayward climbed into the parsonage. He found the ball in a back room upstairs, and with a mighty stroke tried to send it into a front room. It struck above the door and clattered about the room for a while. Another stroke was more accurate, and the ball went into the front room. A third put it through a window. The window had been raised to allow the ball free egress, but the stroke sent it rather high, and the ball crashed through two thicknesses of glass and out on the green. Lieutenant Hayward then descended and made the hole, halving it in six with his opponent.

WALTER CAMP.



SIDELIGHTS ON "STILL-HUNTING"

By EDWYN SANDYS



IN THE WOODS! The very thought of it thrills the heart of the true still-hunter like a draught of rare old wine. He alone is the master of woodcraft, the ready reader of "signs," the wizard of woody wonders, the true interpreter of records hastily, deliberately, or carelessly writ by hoof, or horn, or claw. To him Nature's wondrous page is an open book crammed with interesting records, which he can read as he runs, walks, or crawls. To him a print in earth, or snow, bruised twigs, disturbed pebbles, a scar upon a tree bole, bent grasses, roily water, are records which tell what creature passed that way, when, if at ease or at speed, and possibly whither bound.

The still-hunter is the king of all hunters. He goes into the woods strong, resolute, resourceful, keen-eyed and silent-footed. He pits his brains and skill against the craft of lower creatures, and he usually wins. He can change tactics to meet any emergency, and be his quarry shy deer or lordly moose, it needs must look to itself after he has once got fairly upon its trail. To him miles are of trifling moment. Somewhere at the other end of a trail is a creature that he wants, and, bar accidents, he will get it.

His methods are fairest of the fair. He plays the game—as a good man should play any game

—to win, and if need be he will tax himself to the utmost rather than suffer defeat. Silent, patient, yet ever keen, he runs, halts, walks or crawls, ever reading the sign and ever ready for instant action. Ever learning and never forgetting, he gradually masters the ways of the woods folk, their goings and their comings, until they have no secrets from him. Their lives and loves are his, and of all this knowledge he takes a deadly advantage.

I have had the pleasure of knowing many expert still-hunters, and without an exception they were interesting men and veritable mines of information to any sportsman who cared to study beyond the mere killing stage of his craft. Their trained eyes saw the *little things*—the thousand and one trifles of the trail, any one of which, if remembered at the right moment, may turn an apparently exasperating defeat into a glorious victory. Of them I have learned a little of the woods along with a vast amount of respect. They *knew*, and woe was the certain portion of whoever tackled them and only *thought* he *knew*.

Old Lewis—peace to his ashes! The prophet of the pines he surely was. I found him years ago in Michigan woods, and he taught me the "silent foot" along with his terse creed—"Look lots and move little." It's a good creed too. Lewis it was whose keen eye detected a thread of vapor in the frosty air above a mound of snow and then cut a sapling and with it coolly *churned* that sleeping bear until the outraged brute burst forth almost into my arms. And Lewis did more—he went and told every lumber camp how I cleared a huge, snow-laden, fallen hemlock and twenty feet of level in one standing skip.

Wonderful old boy he surely was. A child in many things, yet an iron man when real danger threatened. Two ghastly white scars down his face and three more the length of his left arm were his tokens of an old-time hugging match with a sweet thing in she-bears. He "learned about women from her," and what he had learned he taught me, so I've never been hugged—that is, not by that particular brand of plantigrade. Lewis, too, started me upon that wonderful first trail and then followed without a word, but with much silent laughter, until

the buck rose from a fallen top and got shot through what looked like its shoulder, but turned out to be its paunch.

That buck acted like a billy-goat and looked like the devil. Its eyes shone like bicycle lamps, and its hair rose like porcupine trimmings, while I, most likely, looked like a fool. Lewis killed it within a couple of yards of me, then lay down in the snow to, as he put it, "Jess laff good." They know not mercy, these hairy men of the forest.

It was "Old Joe," lithe, lean and everlasting, who finished me off on white-tailed deer. In the matter of projecting himself forward he was like the brook, and upon more than one painful occasion he had me feeling like a log-jam with a cold snap coming.

And there was another Joe—"Wizard of woodlands, fore-knowing their deep-hidden secrets." His kingdom lay along the north shore of Lake Superior, where he ruled a mixed population of caribou, bear, beaver and ptarmigan. When he got upon a trail he was utterly without soul, and never shall I forget the awful bucketing of one white day—its *mal de racquet*, its aching void, its cramped muscles, its caribou, which I suspect died of home-sickness, nor Joe's triumphant exclamation blown through an ice-gorge of whiskers:

"Goll durn ye—ye kin go sum after all!"

I could, and I did—to bed!

And Israel—"A silent, smoky Indian that I know," wrong-labelled by some well-meaning missionary. A rose by any other name quite possibly would smell the same, especially before a glowing fire in a cramped hut after a day in damp snow. But he was a hunter, with the aboriginal microscopic eye and all the patient craft of long lines of hunting ancestors. Hull-down to leeward, he was a jewel, a master of silent approach, a firm believer in one close, sure shot.

And Sam—wonderful old Sam—king of them all. I imagine that Sam believed Gabriel's trumpet to be birch bark, and that a bucket of water would be a perfectly fair accessory. "I kin fetch 'em all!" he used to declare, and the trumpet can at best only equal that. And there were others, each good at some specialty.



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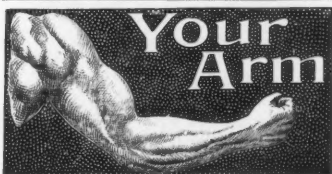
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All of these men were dyed-in-the-wool still-hunters. They hated the tongue of a hound more than they hated too much tongue in a man, which is saying a great deal. They believed in long, skilful trailing and in fair shooting, and the more I reflect upon their methods, the firmer is my conviction that they were genuine sportsmen, although at the same time professionals, because the dollar was to them a necessity.

There is, however, a certain charm about hounding deer. In the morning the guide departs with the dogs, after posting the gun, or guns, at points where he knows the deer are apt to take water. The deer has chosen runways through the forest upon which he, by choice, travels. Many of these runways lead to water, that refuge of the deer when sore pressed. The animal's instinct tells it that water leaves no trail, and the taking to water is an old-time ruse to escape the deer's deadliest foe—the wolf. To the deer, the clamor of the hound upon its track is suggestive of the pursuing wolf and the surest and easiest way to get to water and to wade or swim far enough to puzzle the pursuer.

While the guide with his dog is seeking a fresh trail, the man with the gun watches the water. His task, as a rule, is a wondrous pleasant one. The magical influence of Indian Summer is over the land; the forest flames with the splendor of the turning leaf—

"The sky is blue as steel, the water clear as glass, The mist is on the mountain and the network on the grass."

That marvel of beauty, the purplish haze, piles in the valleys and softens the harsh outlines of rocks and rampikes till the whole scene suggests a dreamy content. The man lounges at ease, watches, and perhaps smokes a pipe of peace. He sees the sweetness and beauty of it all, the half-blurred forest, the dim blue hills, the sleeping water.

Sudden and fierce and insistent rises a trumpet blare—the wild challenge from the hot, red throat of a questing dog. The first sound of it thrills the watcher with an electric shock. The pipe is thrust away, the rifle is grasped, the instinct to slay is aroused. The man stares across the water in a fever of expectancy. Where will the deer take water?

The chase rolls on. The voice of the dog, like sweet bells jangled out of tune, rips the sleepy silence and wakes soft echoes over the hills and far away. Now the sound muffles in the depths of some ravine, and on it rings clearer as a height is scaled. It has a magic all its own, and the blood leaps faster and faster as the swelling music proclaims the chase is ever drawing nearer. Now from the last slope it rises to full power, and the man grips his rifle tighter and eagerly scans the shore. A splash tells the story, the deer has taken to water and is swimming for its life.

So far, so good. The musical tumult of the dog, the anxious expectancy of the man, the tenseness of the situation, have each a thrill which is undeniably pleasant. But the performance should stop right here. The game is swimming as only a scared deer can swim; yet toil as it may it cannot escape the boat rowed by expert hands. Any duffer might row up to it and blow out its brains at a range of a few feet. To stand upon the shore and with a rifle put lead into the brain of a swimming deer is quite another matter. It requires close shooting—in fact, enough skill to redeem it—but the butchery from the boat is unworthy of a sportsman. Therefore, while I might enjoy hounding up to the finale, yet I eschew it because its climax is unfit for publication.

To "call" moose is sportsmanlike because it is exceedingly difficult. Too easy sport is no sport at all. When successful, it illustrates the triumph of mind over matter, which is as it should be. To run moose down upon snowshoes is (unless the snow be entirely too deep for the quarry to have a fair chance) a fine test of a man's skill and endurance. To "creep," or still-hunt, a wary old bull is the truest test of all, and the man who accomplishes this has a right to hold his head high, even among professional trappers and woodsmen.

But to return to our venison. The still-hunter tastes of the true joy of the woods. Silent, observant, he fairly drifts from point to point. Before him ever spreads the broad, white page of snow printed with divers lines of varying types. He can read them all and between them, and from them he learns the story of the woods since that snow fell. Cheery, tragic, though that story be, it is of fascinating interest, and through its changeable chapters is woven the thread of burning interest he follows—the trail of his chosen quarry. Lead whither it will, double as it may, though crooked and recrossed by many others, he will follow it through every turn until there arrives that thrilling moment when the hair shows amid the snowy trunks and the rifle rises and steadies to hurl from its metal throat its one fierce question.

And then the crowning triumph, when the stricken quarry sinks in a half completed bound, and stalwart Nimrod knows that presently he will feel upon his shoulders the weight of a glorious prize fairly and manfully earned. And if he stand like Hiawatha before the Arrowmaker's lovely daughter, who shall say him nay? 'Tis his right, "and he so wills it, for his deed has proved him a man."

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CURIOSITIES IN CAMPAIGN BANNERS

Now is the day of the campaign banner—a weird and wonderful product of nameless artists. With it there generally goes a campaign portrait of the candidate, and if the author of "The School for Scandal" could have ever seen one of these efforts it would have been very easy to account for his use of the expression, "A formidable likeness." Truly they are formidable likenesses, and sometimes even appalling in their character. And yet it is always evident that they have been made with the very best intentions. Indeed, the intention is nearly always evident, and the effect is very manifest of the wish of the artist to impart a very statesmanlike cast of countenance to his subject. It would seem almost as if Daniel Webster must always be the ideal in the mind of the delineator, for it appears as if he were continually trying, as much as the facial peculiarities of the candidate to be represented would permit, to bring him into some kind of likeness to that great American. Occasionally the artist has had great difficulties in doing this; but, however great the dissimilarity, there is nearly always something of a family resemblance. It would almost seem as if he must have said to himself: "This is the statesman type, and it must be that to be recognized as a statesman. The candidate must look like this." Indeed, looking at a number of campaign portraits, it will be found that the art is as conventionalized as the art of the ancient Egyptians, and only enough is left of the real character to admit of the recognition of the man intended. In a way, this campaign portraiture is of the same kind as much to be found in the great exhibitions, where a gentleman is painted holding some rolled document in his hand against a crimson curtain and a column—a glimpse of a sky in which a thunderstorm is brewing being seen in the greater distance. Fortunately, in this campaign, the features of both the candidates for the Presidency lend themselves admirably to the effects of the artist, and he has but little difficulty in turning out portraits that must delight his soul. As portrayed, both might be known for statesmen in any gallery without the aid of a catalogue; and, indeed, many of the present campaign portraits only need the crimson curtain and the column and the stormy sky over the park trees to prove that they are but the humbler expressions of an established school.

There is another singular thing about these campaign portraits that meet us at every hand, and that is that the coloring and the touch would seem to indicate that they all came from the same hand. Indeed, to the eye of the critic, it is very perplexing, and it is only after some thought that a conclusion has been reached that may throw some light upon the matter. There is only one other branch of art in which all the examples have this same quality of similarity. If any one will remember the picture outside of the side-show of the circus—the picture of the fat lady and the thin gentleman, and the girl with the arrangement of hair that at first view might appear a mild exaggeration of the present fashions—he will instantly remember that in color they seem to have come from the same palette, and recollect that from the touch they all seem to have been painted by the same brush. This must explain it. The campaign portraits are assuredly painted by the man who paints the fat ladies and the thin gentlemen, either when he wears of his usual subjects, or when there may be a temporary lack of demand for his skill in this direction.

MADE IN GERMANY

LIEUTENANT (pulling a daisy apart): "What! She does not love me! Gad, what queer flowers grow in this neighborhood."

IN RUSSIA

SUTOR: "I love your daughter, and while I cannot offer her a home of her own, I served ten years in prison for making dynamite."
Anarchistic father-in-law: "Come to my arms, my son!"

DERELICTS IN THE ATLANTIC

Nor in many years has the North Atlantic been so dotted with derelicts, those greivous wanderers of the seas. So great has the danger to shipping become that the commercial interests of New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore have felt justified in appealing to the Federal Government, asking that a ship of war be sent out to locate and destroy the derelicts; and the little dynamite cruiser *Vesuvius* will probably be designated for the work. This vessel has pneumatic guns that fire five-hundred-pound projectiles filled with gun cotton, and these are much more effective in destroying a derelict than the powerful ordnance of the regular cruisers, or the torpedoes that are occasionally used for the purpose.

The *Vesuvius* will undoubtedly be sent out on a mission of this kind as soon as the Navy Department can spare the men to put her in commission. Just now all the available men are required for the ships fitting out for the China station. In the meantime, and until the *Vesuvius* can be made ready, the navy tug *Wompatuck*, of Spanish war fame (the craft that was used in cutting the cables

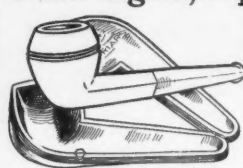
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under fire at Guantanamo, Santiago and Cienfuegos, will be utilized for this duty. She will not be required to do any extensive ocean cruising, but will be sent alongshore looking for such derelict sea-rovers as may have drifted into the path of our coasting steamers. The transatlantic vessels must run their own risks for a time longer.

The *Wompatuck* is now on her way down the coast, under command of Lieutenant John S. Doddridge of the navy, and will first cruise in the vicinity of the Delaware Capes in search of a dangerous wreck reported there.

The revenue cutter *Gresham*, has been sent out of Philadelphia on the same mission, and has already made one find, the mast and rigging of the wrecked schooner *Asenath A. Shaw*, which was sunk in collision off Northeast End Lightship. The bones of the *Shaw* are now in Delaware breakwater.

Many of the derelicts reported are traversing the steamship lanes followed by the big transatlantic steamships in crossing the ocean. These derelicts are particularly numerous off the Newfoundland banks, where they drift back and forth with wind, tide and current, and endanger every passing vessel. In latitude 46-31 N., longitude 55-04 W., there is a submerged derelict with the two lower masts standing.

In latitude 47-55 N., longitude 33-55 W., there is a waterlogged derelict schooner with two lower masts standing. In latitude 45-50 N., longitude 56-15 W., there is a submerged derelict, with stumps of masts eight or ten feet high, standing. In latitude 29 N., longitude 31 W., there is an American-built vessel of about 300 tons, with masts gone. In latitude 28 N., longitude 65-20 W., the derelict schooner *Mary E. Lermond* has been sighted. Drifting about from the Delaware Capes as far north as Sable Island, Newfoundland, there is the derelict schooner *W. White*. It has been reported at least a dozen times, and is a standing menace to navigation, as it is never twice in the same place. Off the Bermudas, and directly in the track of the steamships plying between Europe and the Gulf ports, there rides in sunshine and in gale a modern "Flying Dutchman," the waterlogged derelict *Vincenzo Perrotta*. This particular derelict has been reported every now and then for more than ten years. It was at least fourteen years ago that the craft was abandoned in mid-ocean by its crew. It was then thought to be sinking, but has managed to keep afloat all these years.

Many of these veterans of the sea are well known to the hydrographic officers of the navy, as they are frequently sighted, and reports on them go to make up a long and ghostly record at Washington. The trouble is that when a vessel is sent out to look for a particular derelict, it reaches the spot where the craft was last sighted, but the derelict is nowhere to be found. Wind and current have moved it hundreds of miles away, and some day it will drift back again, maybe, to be found and sunk by the razor-like prow of a liner.

RUSTICITY

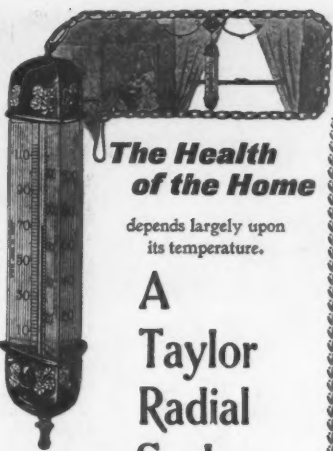
PEASANT: "Please, Mr. Notary, can I see the plan of our farm?"
Notary (unfolding large map): "Where is your farm situated?"
Peasant: "Oh, that ain't necessary to know. I can spot it by the big apple-tree growing in front of the house."

A ROAST

On Temperance People.

A little woman out in Tower Hill, Ill., takes a fall out of the temperance people in a letter containing the following: "It is amusing to see some staunch temperance people who would as soon be caught stealing a horse as to be seen going into a saloon, that are tied down, hard and fast, to their coffee cups as much as an old whiskey sot is to his morning dram. They give the same excuse that the old sot does, they act the same way, the habit is just as fixed. Their dram does not as quickly intoxicate, but its steady use just as surely breaks down the nervous system and ruins them physically and mentally, frequently setting up some fixed form of chronic disease. 'Consistency, thou art a jewel, just as much to-day as of old. Either break away from your slavery,—tea, coffee, or any other pernicious habit you may have, or quit preaching to others. I know what I am talking about, for I was a coffee slave for a time and can speak truthfully of its effects. It almost ruined my nervous system, caused constipation, headaches, and sleeplessness. I suppose if I had drank enough at one time to make me entirely drunk, I might have felt easier."

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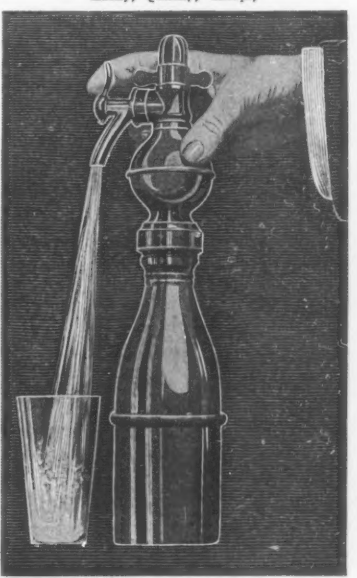
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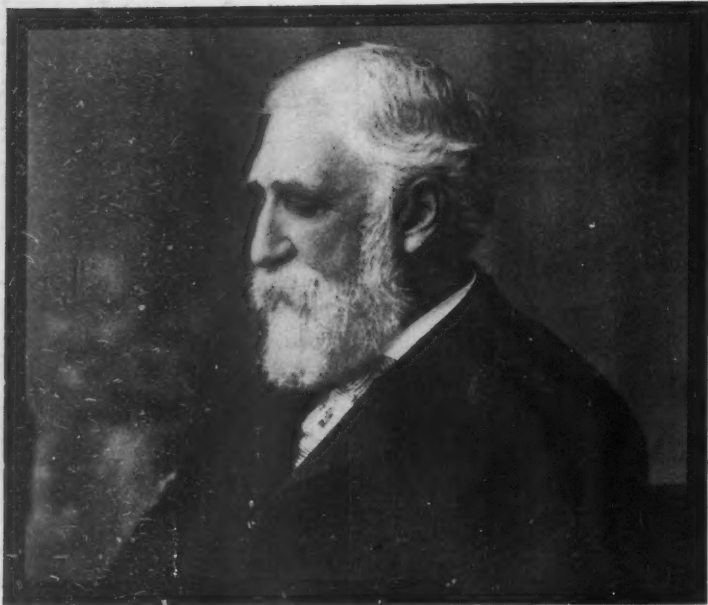
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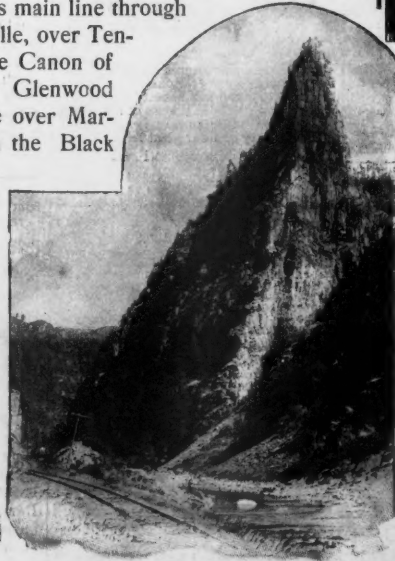
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